A MARVEL MAGAZINE

HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB MARINER

ALL WINNERS COMICS

NO. 21

10¢

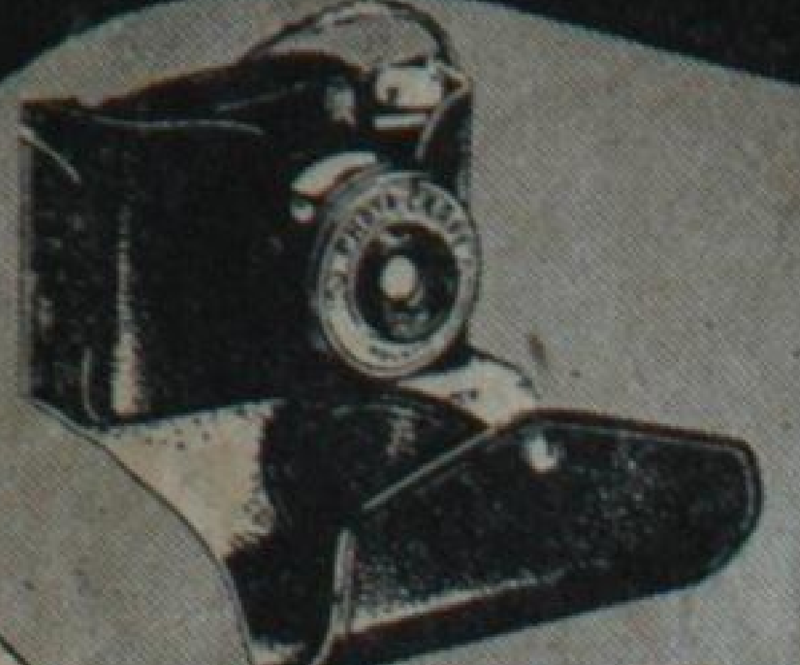
In this Issue
A
COMPLETE
FULL-LENGTH
MYSTERY
THRILLER

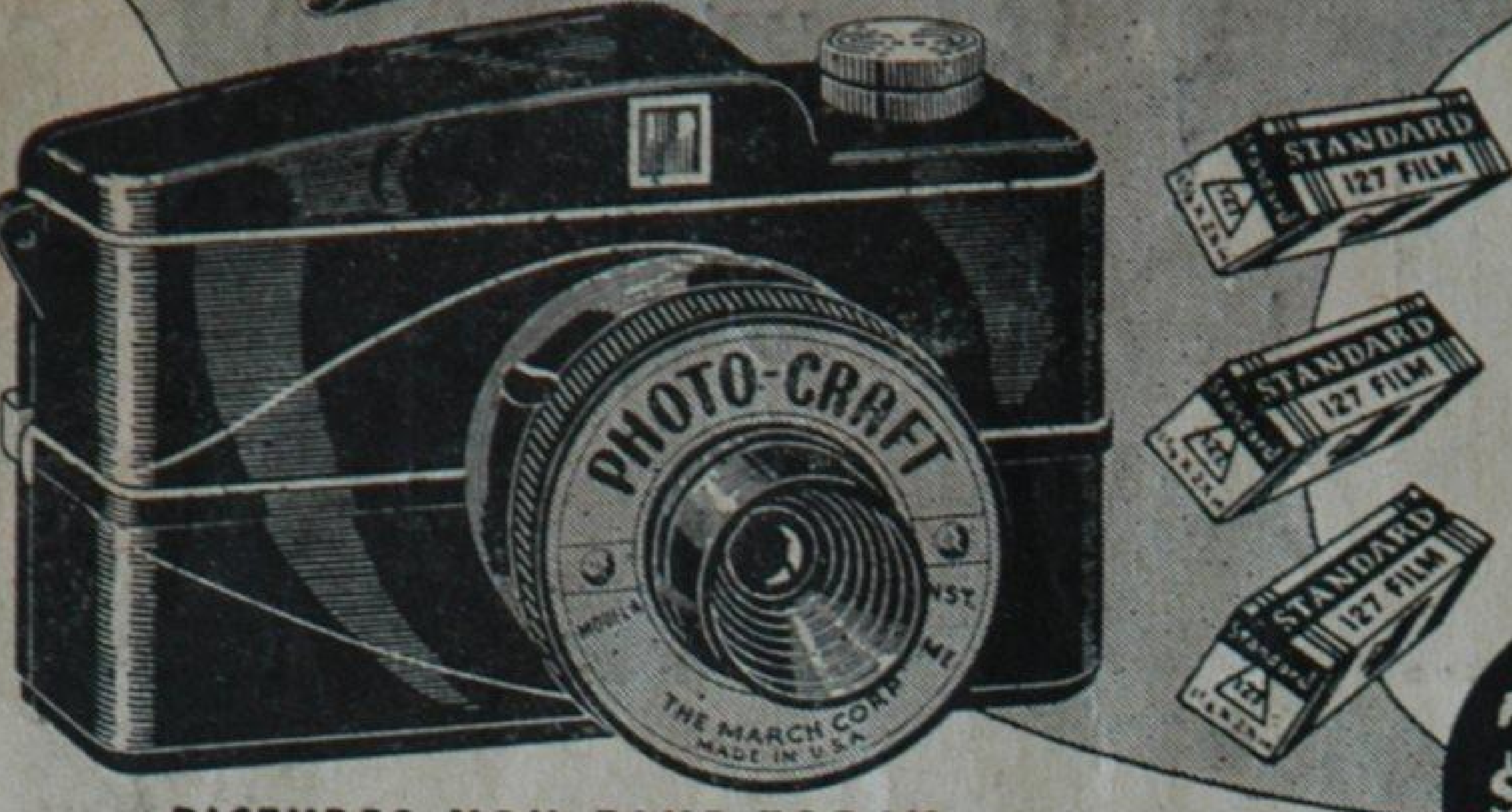
"THE RIDDLE
OF THE
DEMENTED DWARF!"

Here's The Greatest Offer Ever Made To Amateur Camera Fans!

For Only $3.98 You Get A Complete
5-PIECE CANDID TYPE CAMERA OUTFIT

Plus a chance to WIN $500.00 CASH





OUTFIT INCLUDES ALL THIS:

★ Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA
★ Shoulder Strap CARRYING CASE ★ 3 ROLLS No. 127 FILM
★ Entry Blank in Amateur Picture-Taking Contest for Best Pictures Taken with a Photo-Craft Camera

58 AWARDS TOTALING $1250

1st Prize . . . . $500 2nd Prize . . . . $250 3rd Prize $10
25-$10 Honorable Mentions $250 30-$5 Merit Awards. $15

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WILL BE THE TREASURES OF TOMORROW

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★ Genuine Grunau Ground and Pitch Polished Lens
★ Takes 16 Pictures on Any Standard No. 127 Film
★ Will Take Pictures in Full Color
★ Has "Bullseye" Level View Finder
★ Easy, Simple, Foolproof Operation
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Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk"
GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Yes, if you don't feel that your Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

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NATIONAL NOVELTIES, Dept PW50
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Rush my Prize Winning Photo-Craft outfit at $3.98 with Handy Shoulder Strap Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film—and complete details of the Photo-Craft $1,250 Contest for Amateur Camera Fans.
My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

CHECK ONE
☐ I'm enclosing $3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $3.98 plus postage.

Name________________________
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Biggest Smoker's Value Ever!

Windproof LIGHTER and POP-UP Plastic CIGARETTE CASE

Top slides open and pops up your favorite cigarette

BOTH FOR $2.98 TAX FREE POST PAID

A Matched Set You'll Be Proud To Give or Get

For Your Smoking Pleasure

Both Personalized

With a Rich Silver on Black
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A THRILL BY THEMSELVES . . .
. . . A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," cased in gleaming heat resistant black plastic. Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "flame" of smokers the nation over. Just a twirl of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard *keeps it lit.* And if you want the joy of added smoking pleasure, your answer is the matching POP-UP cigarette case, which is actually a cigarette butler too, ready to serve you on split-second notice! *Every* cigarette that bobs up out of a POP-UP is invitingly fresh, firm and enjoyably fragrant! They're a peach of a pair, both yours to own for only $2.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after seeing your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money *cheerfully* . . . quick as a flash . . . *And that's a promise!*

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Please rush Feather Lite Windproof Lighter and Matching POP-UP Cigarette case personalized with initial printed in box above.

CHECK ONE
☐ I am enclosing $2.98. Send my Personalized Smoker Set Postpaid
☐ Send my Personalized Smoker Set C.O.D. I will pay postman $2.98 plus postage.

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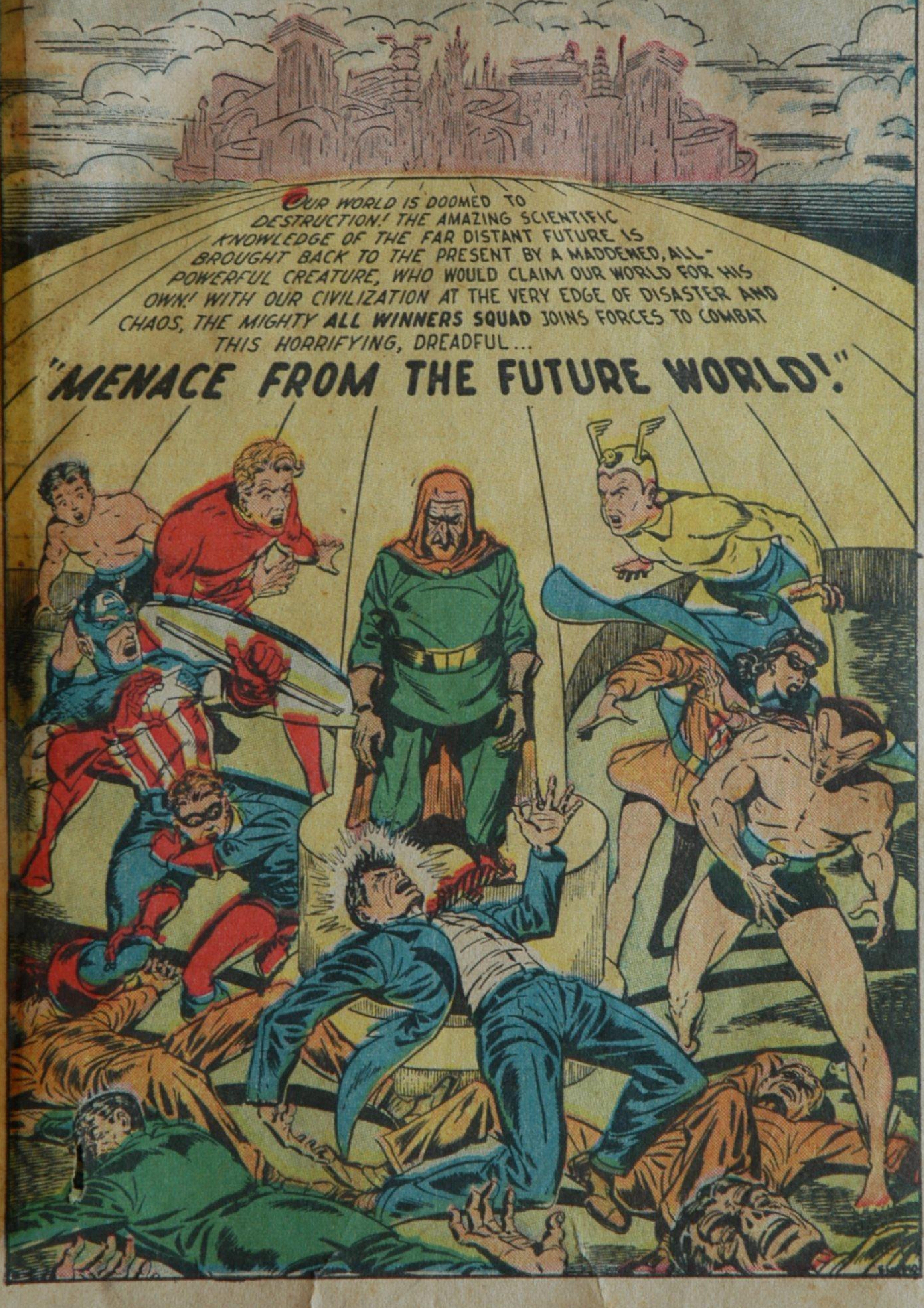
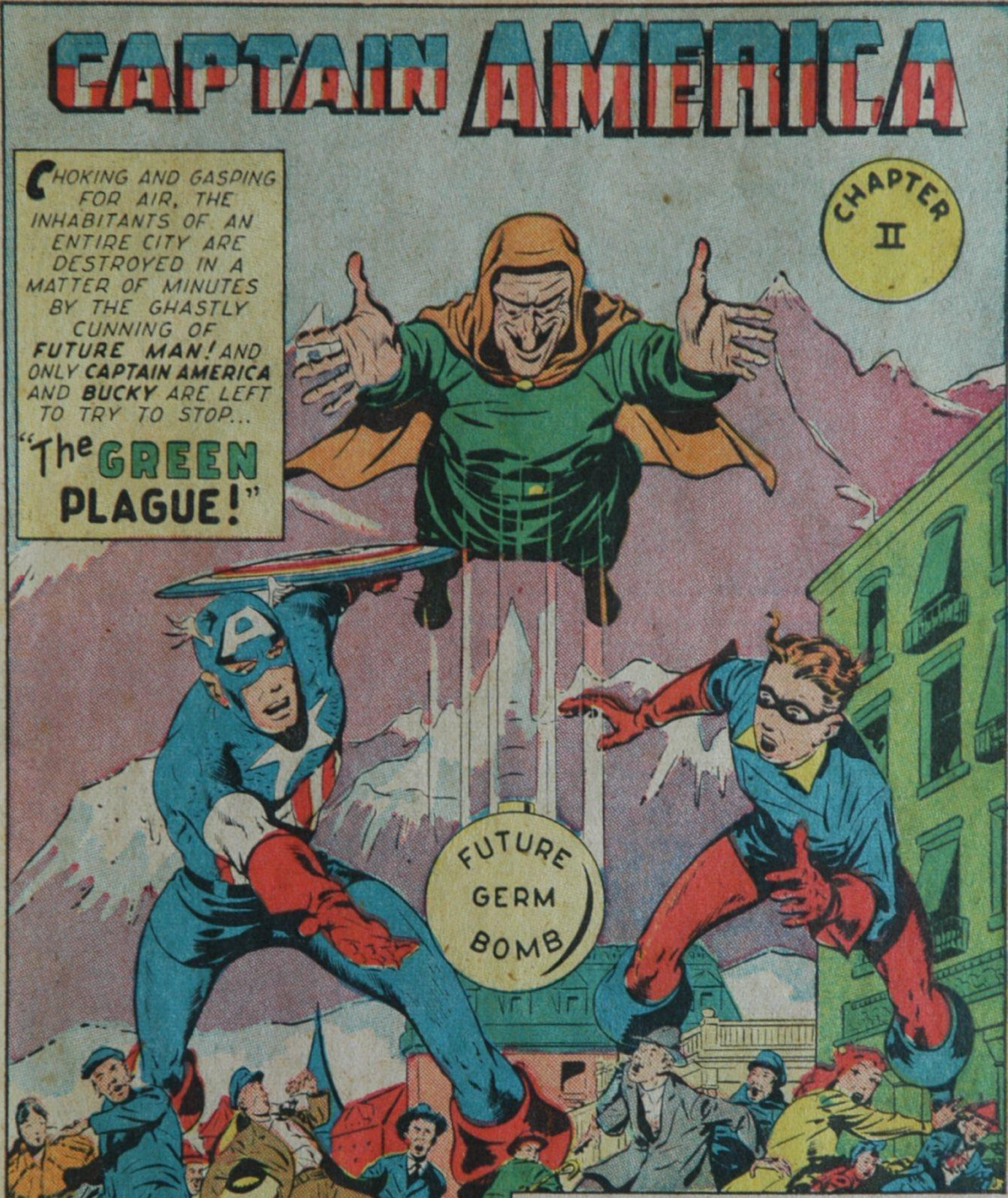
ALL WINNERS


OUR WORLD IS DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION! THE AMAZING SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE IS BROUGHT BACK TO THE PRESENT BY A MADDENED, ALL-POWERFUL CREATURE, WHO WOULD CLAIM OUR WORLD FOR HIS OWN! WITH OUR CIVILIZATION AT THE VERY EDGE OF DISASTER AND CHAOS, THE MIGHTY **ALL WINNERS SQUAD** JOINS FORCES TO COMBAT THIS HORRIFYING, DREADFUL...
"MENACE FROM THE FUTURE WORLD!"

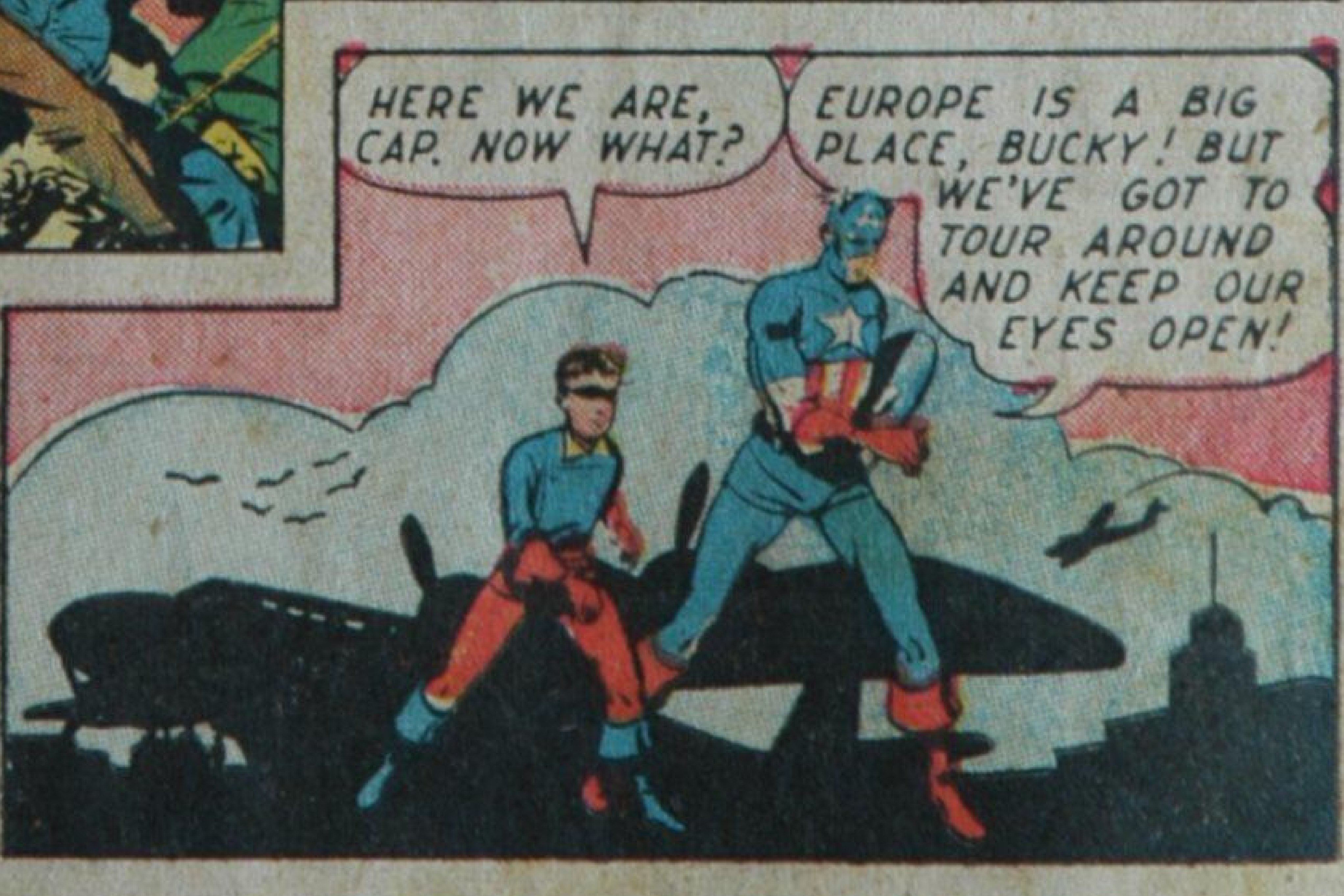
THROUGH THE ETHER FLASHES AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM THE FAMED CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CALLING HUMAN TORCH! WHIZZER! MISS AMERICA! AND SUB-MARINER! URGENT! COME AT ONCE!
FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, THE RENOWNED FIGURES MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE ANNOUNCED MEETING PLACE!
AND SOON, AMERICA'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS ARE TOGETHER, TO HEAR A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THE WORLD IS IN THE GREATEST DANGER IT HAS EVER FACED... FROM FUTURE MAN!
FUTURE MAN? WHO IN BLAZES IS THAT?
A STRANGE STORY SPILLS FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA'S LIPS!
PROJECT YOURSELVES FAR INTO THE FUTURE... TO THE YEAR ONE MILLION A.D. THE EARTH IS ALMOST UNFIT FOR HUMAN LIFE!
"ALL OVER THE WORLD, THE OCEANS HAVE DRIED UP... CITIES HAVE FALLEN INTO RUIN.. AND THE HUMAN RACE FACES EXTINCTION!"
"THE PEOPLE OF THE FAR FUTURE PREPARE TO SEND A SHIP INTO THE PAST!"
WE NEED A NEW HOME, IN A PREVIOUS AGE WHEN EARTH WAS GOOD TO LIVE UPON! YOU WILL GO BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY, AND PREPARE THE WAY!

WE WILL WANT THE **WHOLE EARTH** TO LIVE AND EXPAND ON! AS FOR THE SAVAGES WHO LIVED IN THE 20TH CENTURY, EXTERMINATE THEM! IF YOU NEED HELP, SIGNAL US!
I WILL NEED NO HELP AGAINST THE WITLESS BRUTES OF THAT TIME! I GO!
2003
AND SO THE TIME-SHIP, PROPELLED BY THEIR AMAZING SCIENCE, HURTLED THE FUTURE MAN BACK THROUGH THE AGES!
"NOW WE SHIFT TO A CRIMINAL DEN, IN THE 20TH CENTURY, WHERE THE NOTORIOUS MADAME DEATH AND HER GANG ARE HOLDING A MEETING, WHEN..."
NOW OUR NEXT JOB WILL BE...
...TO HELP ME!
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?
I AM FUTURE MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE GOING TO MIGRATE TO THIS AGE, AND WIPE OUT MANKIND OF TODAY! I NEED A FEW **HELPERS**! AND **YOU** CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN!
WHAT IF WE REFUSE?
YEAH! LISTEN HERE, SHORTY, I AIN'T HELPIN' YA AND... **AGHHH!**
FOOL! THEN **DIE!** DO ANY OF YOU OTHERS WISH TO BE DESTROYED BY **MENTAL FORCE?**
ALL RIGHT, WE AGREE TO HELP! BUT WHAT REWARD?
I PROMISE YOU RICHES AND POWER! NOW WE WILL DESTROY ALL LIVING PEOPLE ON THE FIVE BIG CONTINENTS OF THE EARTH!
"BUT IT SO HAPPENED I HAD TRAILED MADAME DEATH TO THIS HIDE-OUT, AND OVERHEARD IT ALL! AND THEN...!"
COME ON, BUCKY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
YAHOO!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!

I COULD DESTROY THEM WITH MENTAL FORCE! BUT I MIGHT HIT MY NEW HELPERS! SO WE SHALL ESCAPE! THIS **DARK-BOMB** WILL COVER OUR RETREAT TO MY SHIP!
POOF!
HEY! I CAN'T SEE!
ZOOM!
FUTURE MAN GOT AWAY!
WITH MADAME DEATH AND HER GANG!
THE STRANGE STORY IS DONE!
SO FUTURE MAN PLANS TO DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE OF TODAY?
RIGHT! THEREFORE IT'S UP TO **US** TO STAND GUARD AT THE FIVE CONTINENTS OF THE WORLD!
SUB-MARINER, YOU GO TO ASIA! MISS AMERICA... TO AFRICA! WE DON'T KNOW JUST **WHERE** FUTURE MAN WILL STRIKE FIRST!
RIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I'M ON MY WAY!
WHIZZER, GUARDING SOUTH AMERICA IS **YOUR** JOB! BUCKY AND I WILL TAKE EUROPE! THAT LEAVES YOU, TORCH AND TORO, TO KEEP WATCH OVER NORTH AMERICA!
RIGHT! GOOD LUCK!
AND SO, TO MEET A THREAT OF WORLD EXTERMINATION, THE SEVEN MIGHTY ENEMIES OF EVIL SET OUT TO GUARD THE FIVE BIG CONTINENTS OF THE WORLD! WHERE WILL FUTURE MAN STRIKE FIRST? WHAT GHASTLY SCIENTIFIC POWERS WILL HE USE IN HIS ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE?

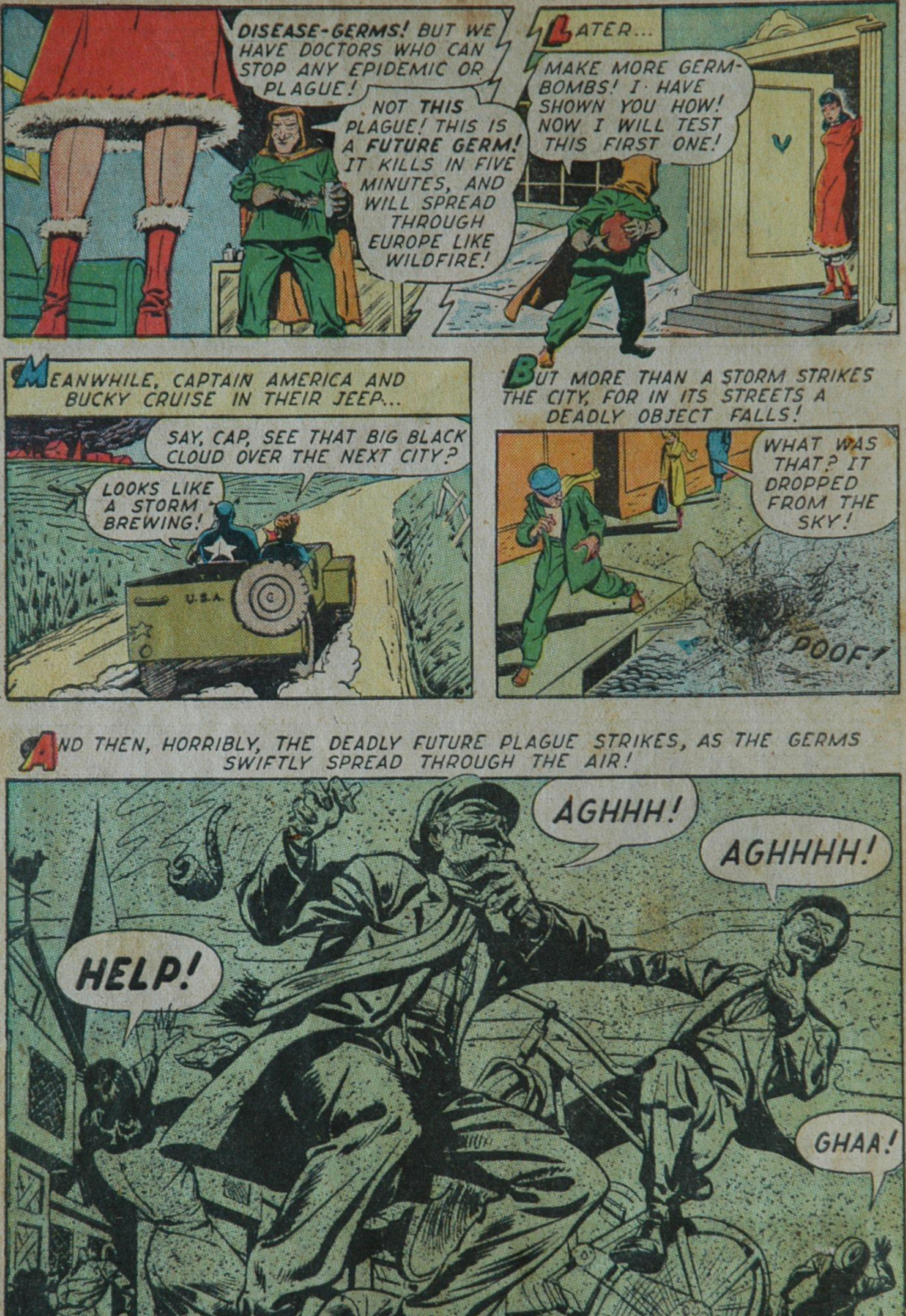

CAPTAIN AMERICA
CHOKING AND GASPING FOR AIR, THE INHABITANTS OF AN ENTIRE CITY ARE DESTROYED IN A MATTER OF MINUTES BY THE GHASTLY CUNNING OF **FUTURE MAN!** AND ONLY **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** ARE LEFT TO TRY TO STOP...
"The GREEN PLAGUE!"
CHAPTER II
FUTURE GERM BOMB
SL-840

FIRST, LET US FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AS THEY ARRIVE IN EUROPE, THE CONTINENT WHICH THEY MUST GUARD AGAINST FUTURE MAN!


HERE WE ARE, CAP. NOW WHAT?
EUROPE IS A BIG PLACE, BUCKY! BUT WE'VE GOT TO TOUR AROUND AND KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

IT WAS NICE OF THE OCCUPATION FORCES TO LOAN US THIS JEEP!
THEY JUST SAW WHO WE WERE AND PRACTICALLY FORCED IT ON US!
BUT WHAT ARE WE WATCHING FOR EXACTLY, CAP?
I WISH I KNEW! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF FUTURE MAN WILL STRIKE HERE FIRST! HE MIGHT PICK ASIA... OR SOUTH AMERICA!
BUT MEANWHILE, IT IS IN THE VERY HEART OF EUROPE, IN THE SWISS ALPS, THAT FUTURE MAN HAS LANDED HIS SHIP!
THIS IS THE CENTRAL POINT OF EUROPE, FUTURE MAN!
EXCELLENT! FROM HERE WE CAN SWEEP OUT AND RAZE THE CONTINENT! BUT NOW I NEED A LABORATORY!
THERE'S ONE PERCHED ON THAT MOUNTAIN!
GOOD! I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH THE 20TH CENTURY, AND NEED YOUR GUIDANCE IN THESE THINGS! YOU ARE OF GREAT HELP TO ME, MADAME DEATH!
MADAME DEATH, ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS FEMALE CRIMINALS, IS ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP FUTURE MAN!
YOU SAID THERE WILL BE A FEW SURVIVORS OF THE HUMAN RACE! SET ME UP AS THEIR QUEEN AND RULER! I'LL BE RICH AND POWERFUL!
BUT WOT'LL WE GET OUTA DIS DEAL, MADAME DEATH?
WHEN THE PEOPLE DIE, ALL THEIR WEALTH AND JEWELS BECOME OURS! YOURS AND MINE! GET IT?
OH BOY!

BUT WE NEED A CAR TO GIT UP TO DAT LABORATORY! LET'S NAB DIS ONE!
WAIT!
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU RIDE AROUND IN SUCH ANCIENT VEHICLES? HAVEN'T YOU EVEN DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF MENTAL LEVITATION? ---MOVING BY THOUGHT?
HANG ON! I WILL PULL YOU UP WITH MY MENTAL FORCE!
HOLY CATS! WHAT A GUY!
NOW WE WILL TAKE OVER THE LABORATORY!
SLAY HIM FOR ME!
WHA--?
GOT HIM, BOSS!
GHAAAAA!
YOU STILL USE PRIMITIVE GUNS? HOW QUAINT! I ASKED YOU TO KILL HIM TO SEE WHAT WEAPONS YOU USE! IT'S AMUSING! NOW I KNOW IT WILL BE EASY FOR ME TO DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE OF TODAY! THE 20TH CENTURY IS SO BACKWARD, SCIENTIFICALLY, THAT I ALONE --- ONE FUTURE MAN--- CAN WIPE OUT TWO BILLION PEOPLE!
IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO WIPE OUT THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE?
WITH GERM-BOMBS! I BROUGHT THIS VIAL OF DEADLY GERMS ALONG FROM THE FUTURE!

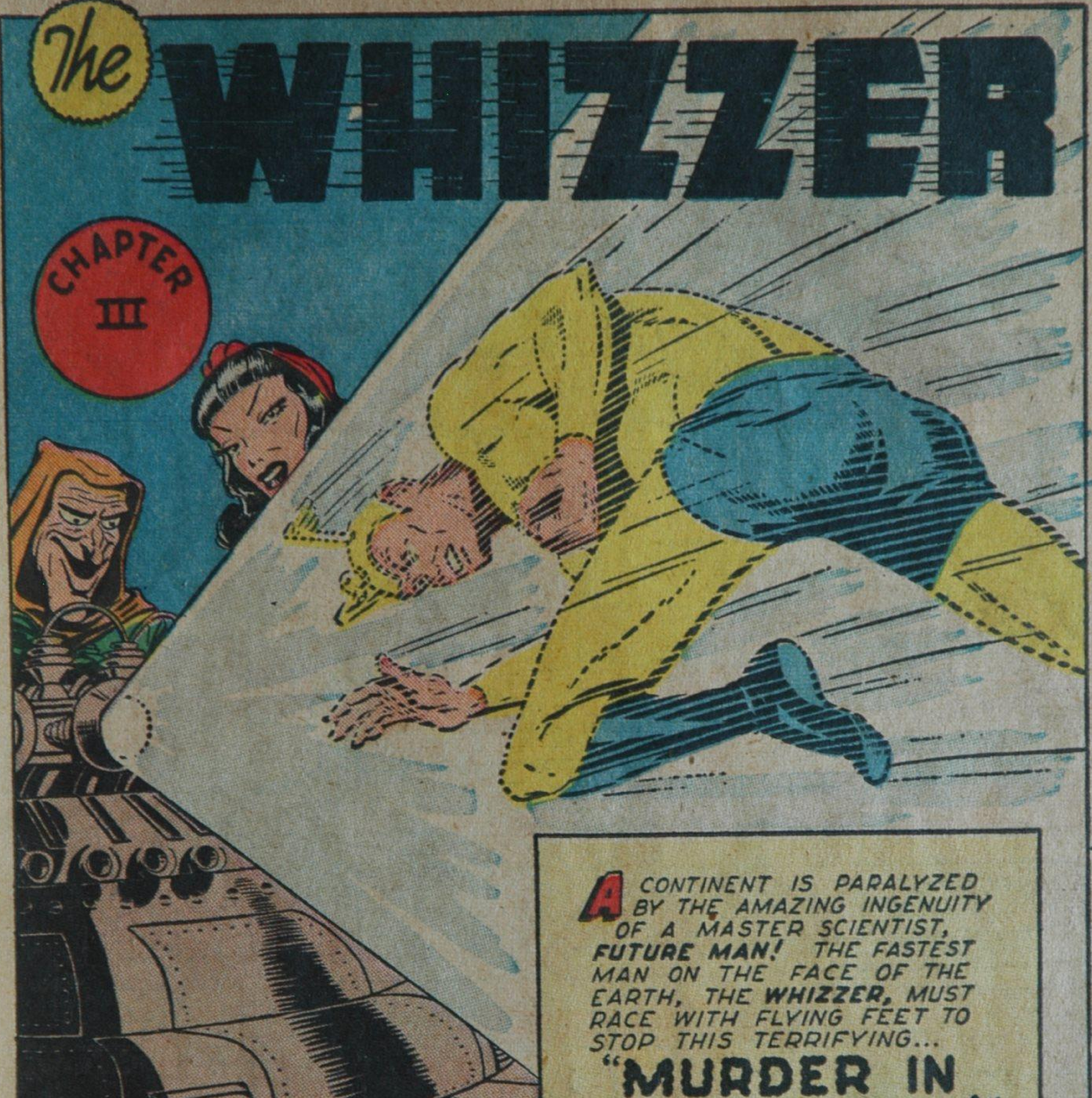

DISEASE-GERMS! BUT WE HAVE DOCTORS WHO CAN STOP ANY EPIDEMIC OR PLAGUE!
NOT THIS PLAGUE! THIS IS A FUTURE GERM! IT KILLS IN FIVE MINUTES, AND WILL SPREAD THROUGH EUROPE LIKE WILDFIRE!
LATER...
MAKE MORE GERM-BOMBS! I HAVE SHOWN YOU HOW! NOW I WILL TEST THIS FIRST ONE!
MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY CRUISE IN THEIR JEEP...
SAY, CAP, SEE THAT BIG BLACK CLOUD OVER THE NEXT CITY?
LOOKS LIKE A STORM BREWING!
U.S.A.
BUT MORE THAN A STORM STRIKES THE CITY, FOR IN ITS STREETS A DEADLY OBJECT FALLS!
WHAT WAS THAT? IT DROPPED FROM THE SKY!
POOF!
AND THEN, HORRIBLY, THE DEADLY FUTURE PLAGUE STRIKES, AS THE GERMS SWIFTLY SPREAD THROUGH THE AIR!
AGHHH!
AGHHHH!
HELP!
GHAA!

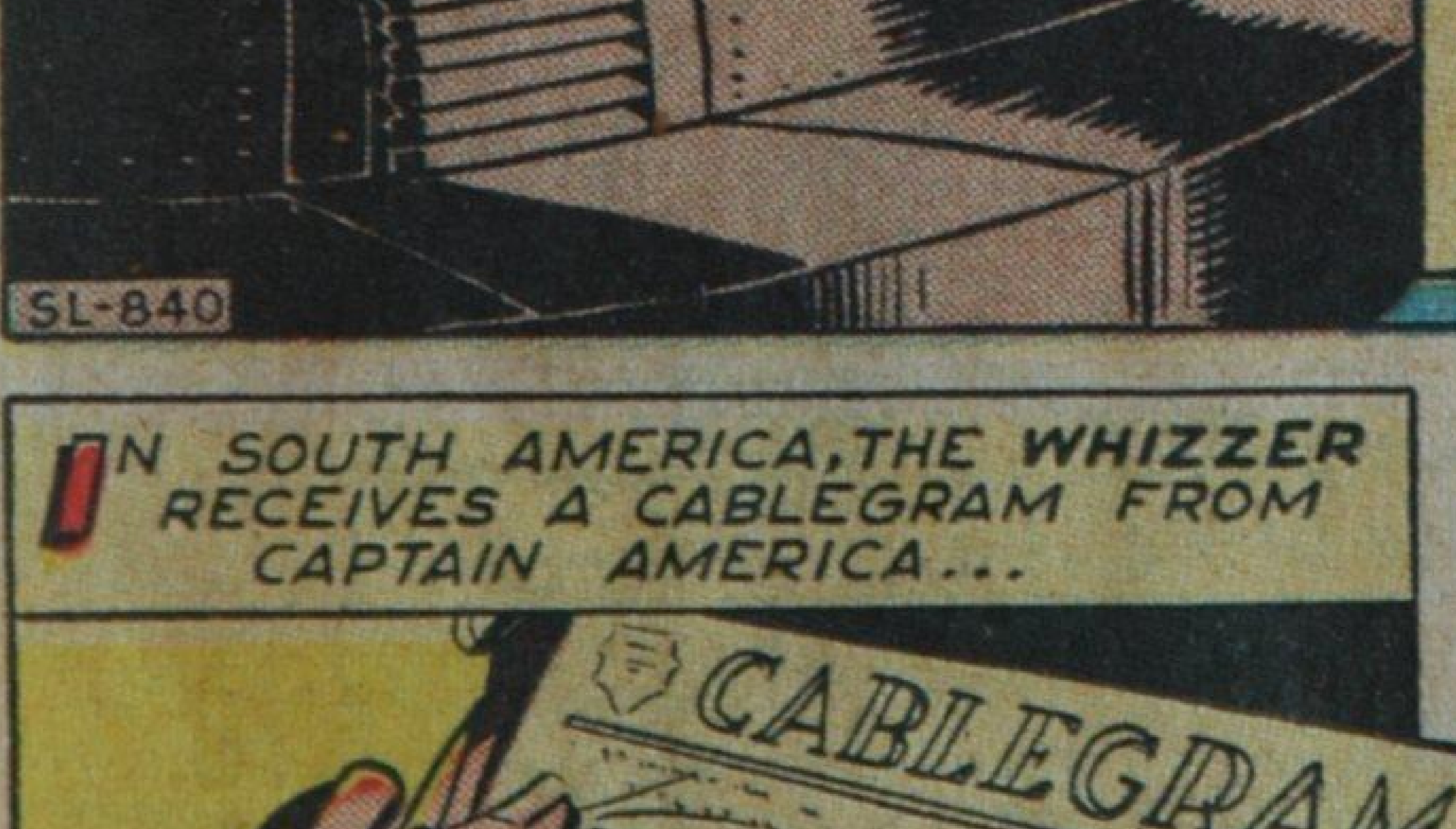
BY THE TIME CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARRIVE ONLY A SHORT TIME LATER, THE CITY IS A TOMB!
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT HAPPENED? EVERYBODY IS... (GULP)... **DEAD!**
QUICK, BUCKY! PUT A HANDKERCHIEF TO YOUR FACE! LOOKS LIKE A PLAGUE STRUCK!
THE WIND FINALLY CLEARED THE AIR OF GERMS!
GOSH! WHOEVER HEARD OF A PLAGUE THIS FAST AND DEADLY?
HERE'S THE ANSWER! A DISEASE BOMB WAS DROPPED! THIS IS THE WORK OF **FUTURE MAN!**
OUR ONLY CLUE IS THIS BROKEN PART OF THE BOMB! LOOK! THE METAL HAS AN IMPRINT— **CHALOT, BERNE!** IT WAS MADE IN SWITZERLAND!
LATER, IN BERNE...
LET ME SEE... HMM... DR. YALDER BOUGHT THIS METAL! HIS LABORATORY IS IN THE ALPS! I'LL GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS!
CHALOT MFGS.
SOON...
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH ARE HERE!
YOU'RE **RIGHT,** CAP! **LOOK!** THEY'RE MAKING **MORE** BOMBS... DOZENS OF THEM!
5

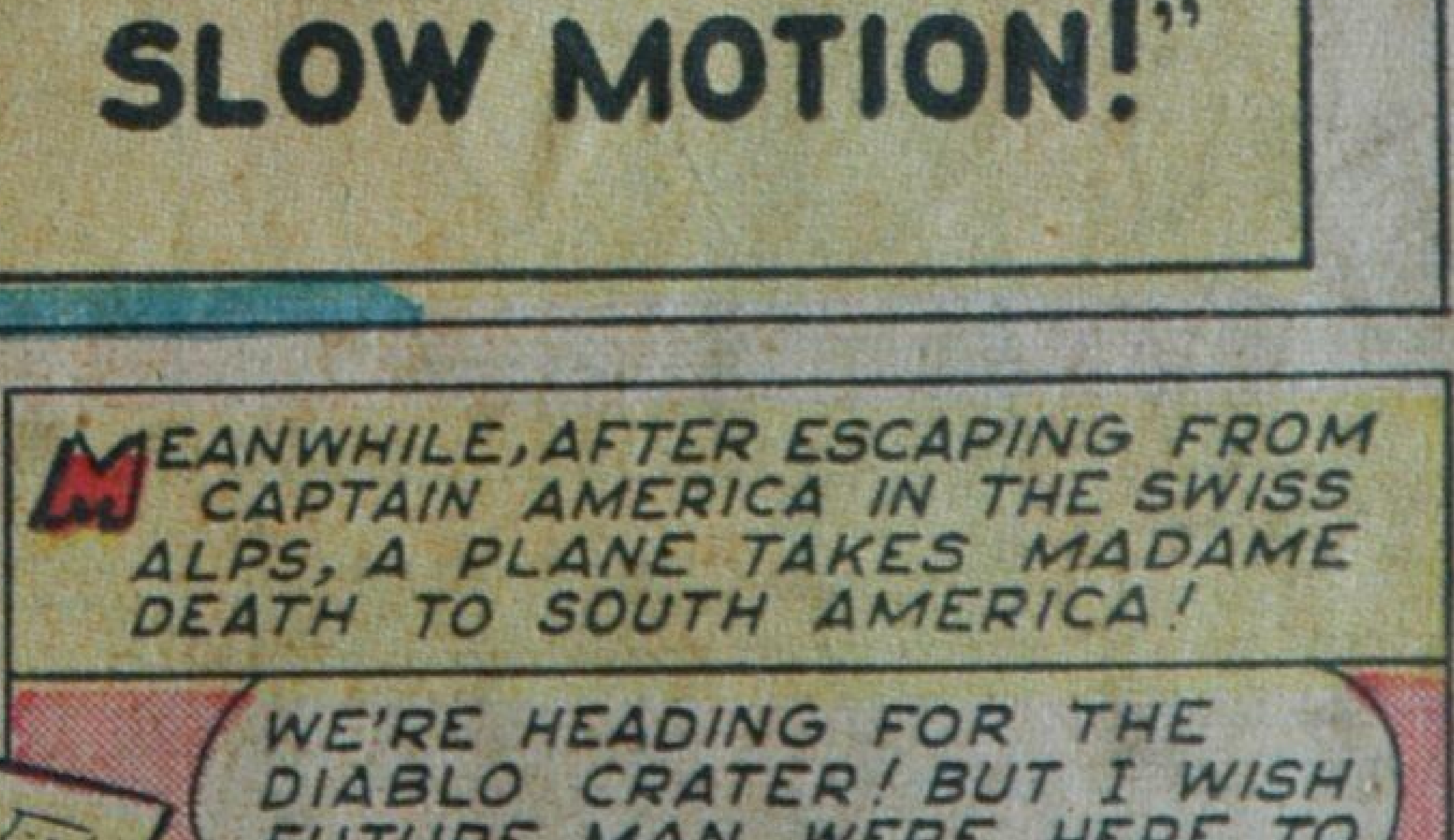
WE USED UP ALL THE FUTURE GERMS!
GOOD! ONE BOMB FOR EACH MAJOR CITY OF 'EUROPE'! IN 24 HOURS, EUROPE WILL BE ONE VAST HEAP OF DEAD!
WAIT! MY MENTAL WAVES DETECT AN ALIEN PRESENCE! WE ARE BEING SPIED UPON! OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...
CAPTAIN AMERICA! GET HIM!
BAM!
WHA...?
THESE GUYS ARE EASY TO TAKE! BUT IF FUTURE MAN SHOWS UP...
LET'S BEAT A RETREAT UP THIS HILL AND I'LL EXPLAIN, BUCKY!
AFTER 'EM!
CAP! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? AT A TIME LIKE THIS YOU STOP TO ROLL A SNOWBALL!
JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT THIS SNOWBALL DOES, AS IT INCREASES IN SIZE!

OOF!
WHAM!
YIPE!
HEY!
MOMENTS LATER...
DEY GOT AWAY!
NEVER MIND! THIS CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL **NOT** STOP US! ON WITH OUR WORK!
GOLLY, CAP! NOW WHAT? WE'VE GOTTA STOP THEM FROM USING THE GERM-BOMBS! BUT WE'RE OUTNUMBERED!
HMM... NOTICE HOW THAT HILL OF SNOW IS SITUATED NEAR THE LABORATORY, BUCKY?
YELL, BUCKY! AS LOUD AS YOU CAN! THEY SAY THE VIBRATIONS OF THE HUMAN VOICE CAN START AN AVALANCHE!
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
RUMBLE!
IT'S STARTED! NOW RUN FOR IT, BUCKY! **HURRY!**
ONCE STARTED, THE AVALANCHE GATHERS POWER AND SMASHES DOWN TOWARD THE LABORATORY!
RUMBLE!
CRASH!
RUMBLE!

BUT TWO FIGURES ESCAPE FROM THE LABORATORY... FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH!
MY MENTAL WAVES GAVE ME WARNING OF THE AVALANCHE! RUN, MADAME DEATH!
WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE TWO OF THEM ESCAPED THE TRAP!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
COWARDS! DO YOU DARE STRIKE A LADY?
NO! BUT...
... HERE'S FOR YOU, FUTURE MAN! WHA...?
H-HE'S FADING AWAY!
YES, FOOLS! THIS IS ONLY MY ASTRAL IMAGE! ONCE MADAME DEATH AND HER MEN COULD MAKE BOMBS THEMSELVES, I LET THEM CARRY ON, AND ONLY APPEARED HERE AS THIS ASTRAL IMAGE!
ACTUALLY, IN PERSON I AM SOMEWHERE ELSE... BEYOND HARM OR CAPTURE!
PUFF!
(GASP!) HE'S GONE NOW!
WELL, ANYWAY, WE HAVE MADAME DEATH AND... HEY! SHE'S GONE TOO!
WE WERE SO INTERESTED IN FUTURE MAN AND HIS IMAGE, THAT WE LET HER SNEAK AWAY! ANYWAY, WE SAVED EUROPE FROM THE GERM-BOMBS!
AND ELSEWHERE, FUTURE MAN HIMSELF SITS BEFORE A SCREEN IN HIS SHIP...
YES! THEY DID PREVENT ME FROM WIPING OUT EUROPE, THOSE TWO! BAH! JUST A PALTRY SET-BACK! I'LL SWITCH THE VIEW SCREEN TO SOUTH AMERICA NOW! MADAME DEATH HAS FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO CARRY ON! WE WILL NOT FAIL THIS TIME!
TIME ENGINE
ROC ENGI
ASTRAL IMAGE PROJECTOR

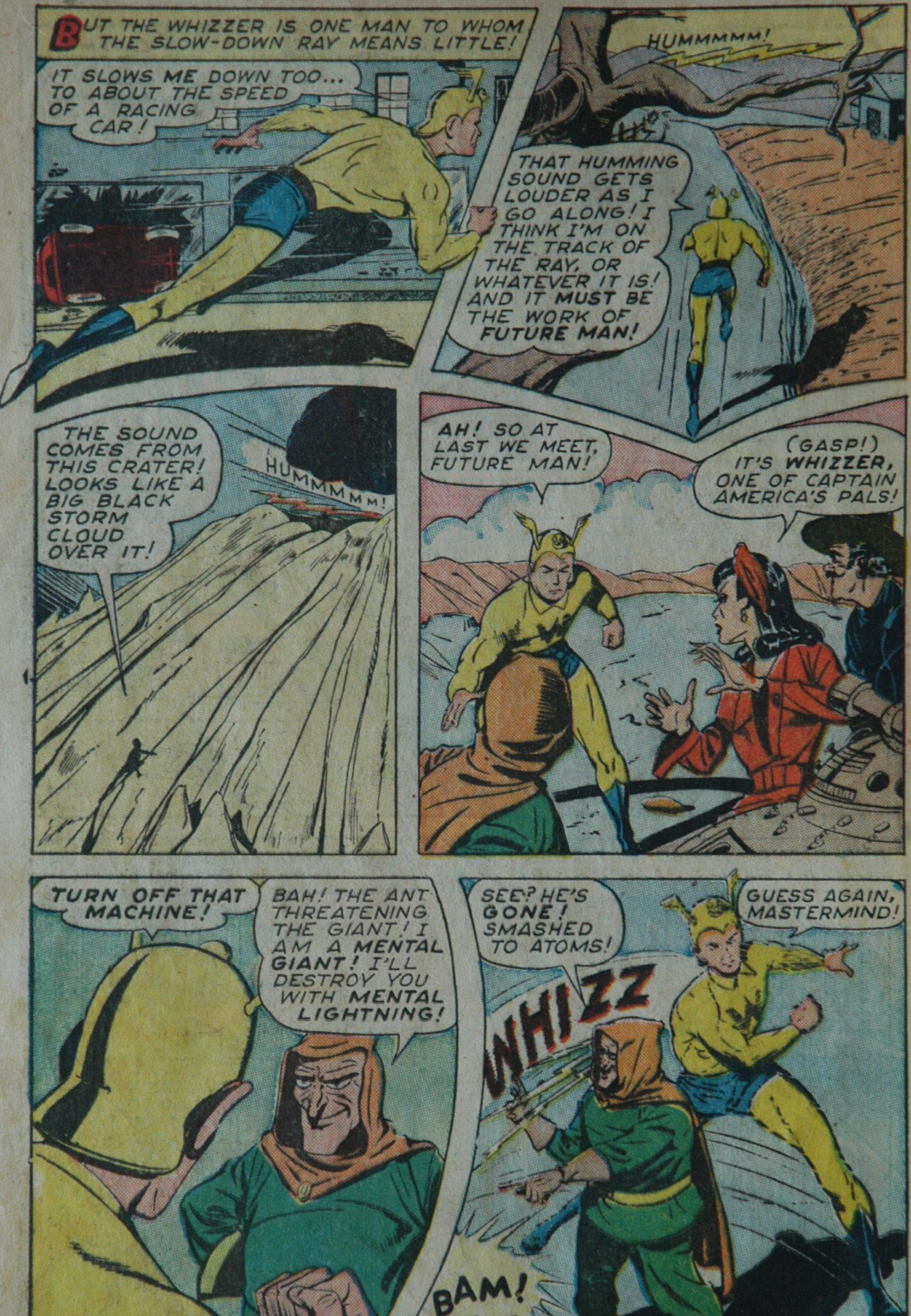

The WHIZZER
CHAPTER III
A CONTINENT IS PARALYZED BY THE AMAZING INGENUITY OF A MASTER SCIENTIST, FUTURE MAN! THE FASTEST MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE WHIZZER, MUST RACE WITH FLYING FEET TO STOP THIS TERRIFYING...
"MURDER IN SLOW MOTION!"
SL-840

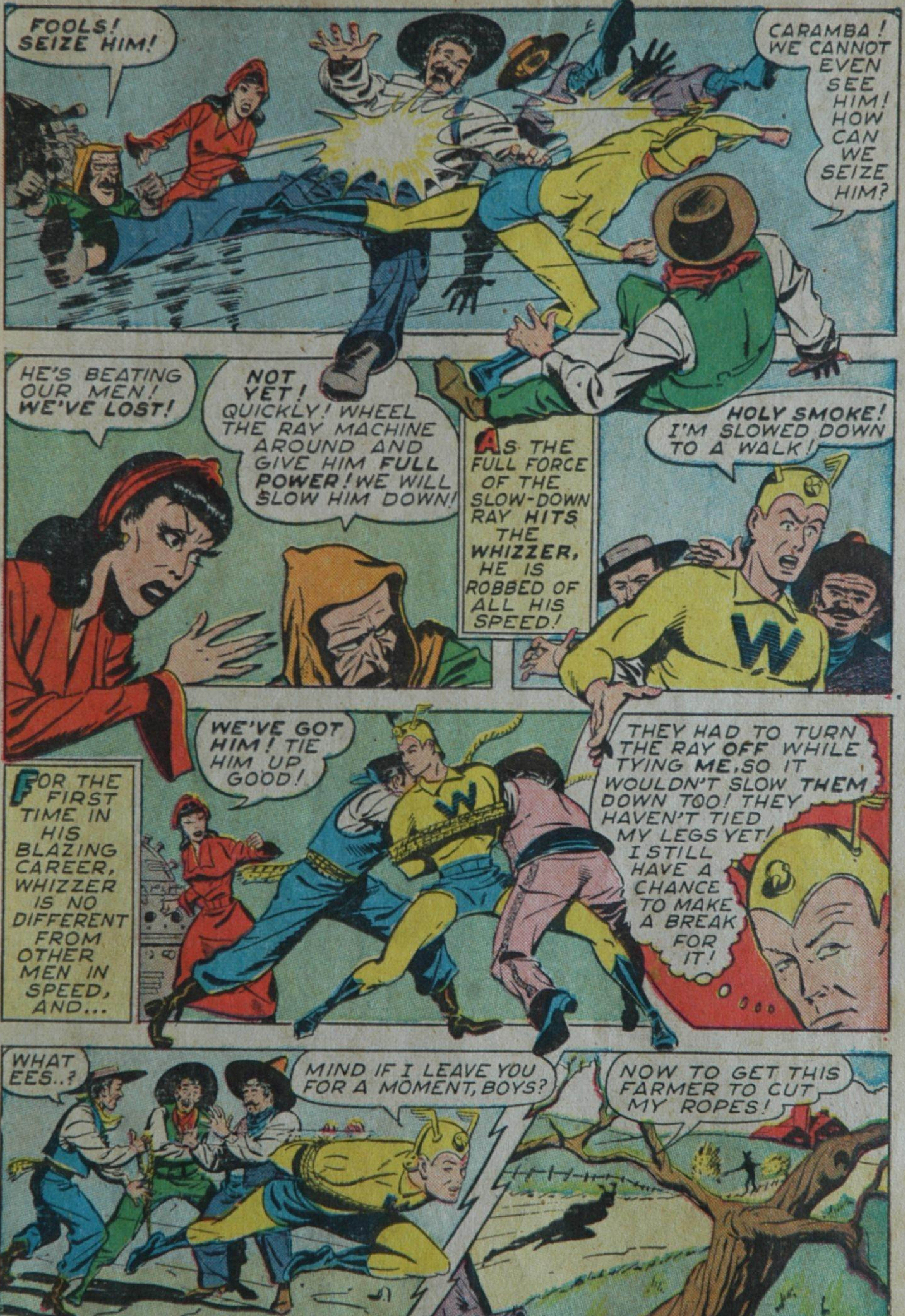

IN SOUTH AMERICA, THE WHIZZER RECEIVES A CABLEGRAM FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA...
CABLEGRAM
STOPPED FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH IN EUROPE, BUT THEY ESCAPED. MAY STRIKE SOON AT ANOTHER CONTINENT. KEEP GUARD IN SOUTH AMERICA. WATCH FOR SOMETHING BIG!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
I'LL BE ON MY TOES ALL RIGHT!


MEANWHILE, AFTER ESCAPING FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE SWISS ALPS, A PLANE TAKES MADAME DEATH TO SOUTH AMERICA!
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE DIABLO CRATER! BUT I WISH FUTURE MAN WERE HERE TO HANDLE THINGS!

A GHOSTLY IMAGE SUDDENLY APPEARS, OUT OF NOWHERE!
HERE I AM, MY DEAR!
EEK! THAT ASTRAL IMAGE OF YOURS GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
WHERE ARE YOU REALLY, FUTURE MAN?
NO NEED FOR YOU TO KNOW, MADAME DEATH! THAT IS MY SECRET! BUT I CAN GUIDE YOU THIS WAY JUST AS WELL AS IN PERSON!
HERE IS DIABLO CRATER, AN EXTINCT VOLCANO IN THE HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA! WE WILL LAND IN IT!
I'VE HAD THE STILETTO GANG WORKING ON OUR PROJECT ALL THIS TIME, FUTURE MAN!
GOOD! THEN WE CAN STRIKE SOON, AND DESTROY THIS CONTINENT!
BOYS, MEET FUTURE MAN, OUR NEW BOSS!
GREETINGS, SENOR! WE HAVE BROUGHT ALL THE APPARATUS YOU REQUESTED! SOME OF EET WE HAD TO KILL FOR! EET WAS FUN!
TO WORK! FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS! MY MENTAL WAVES WILL SEIZE YOUR PUNY MINDS AND ALLOW YOU TO DO AMAZING SCIENTIFIC FEATS!
HOURS LATER...
IT IS DONE! THE SLOW-DOWN MACHINE! IT WILL SPREAD A RAY ALL OVER SOUTH AMERICA!
BUT WHAT WILL IT DO TO THE PEOPLE, FUTURE MAN?
2

THE SLOW-DOWN RAY WILL MAKE ALL PEOPLE SLOW-DOWN! AND THE RESULT WILL BE CATASTROPHE, ALL OVER THIS CONTINENT! PULL THE LEVER, MADAME DEATH!
ELSEWHERE, THE EVIL RAY BEGINS ITS DEADLY WORK, AS PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES FROZEN INTO A SLOW-MOTION NIGHTMARE!
WHAT IS WRONG? I CAN HARDLY MOVE!
GOOD HEAVENS! MY MUSCLES ALL FEEL PARALYZED!
MY ARM BARELY MOVES! IT WILL TAKE AN HOUR TO REACH MY MOUTH! I WILL STARVE BEFORE I CAN FINISH THIS MEAL! I'M BEWITCHED!
BUT GREATER DISASTER SOON RESULTS!
MY HANDS ARE FROZEN ON THE WHEEL! I CAN'T TURN! AND MY FOOT CAN'T MOVE TO THE BRAKES!
GHAA!
AHH!
OHHH!
RED SIGNAL AHEAD! BUT I CAN'T MOVE MY HAND...I CAN'T STOP!
940
CRASH!
THE WHIZZER OBSERVES THE SPREAD OF DISASTER!
IF THIS KEEPS UP, SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE A SHAMBLES IN A FEW HOURS! SOME DEVILISH RAY HAS SLOWED ALL PEOPLE DOWN!

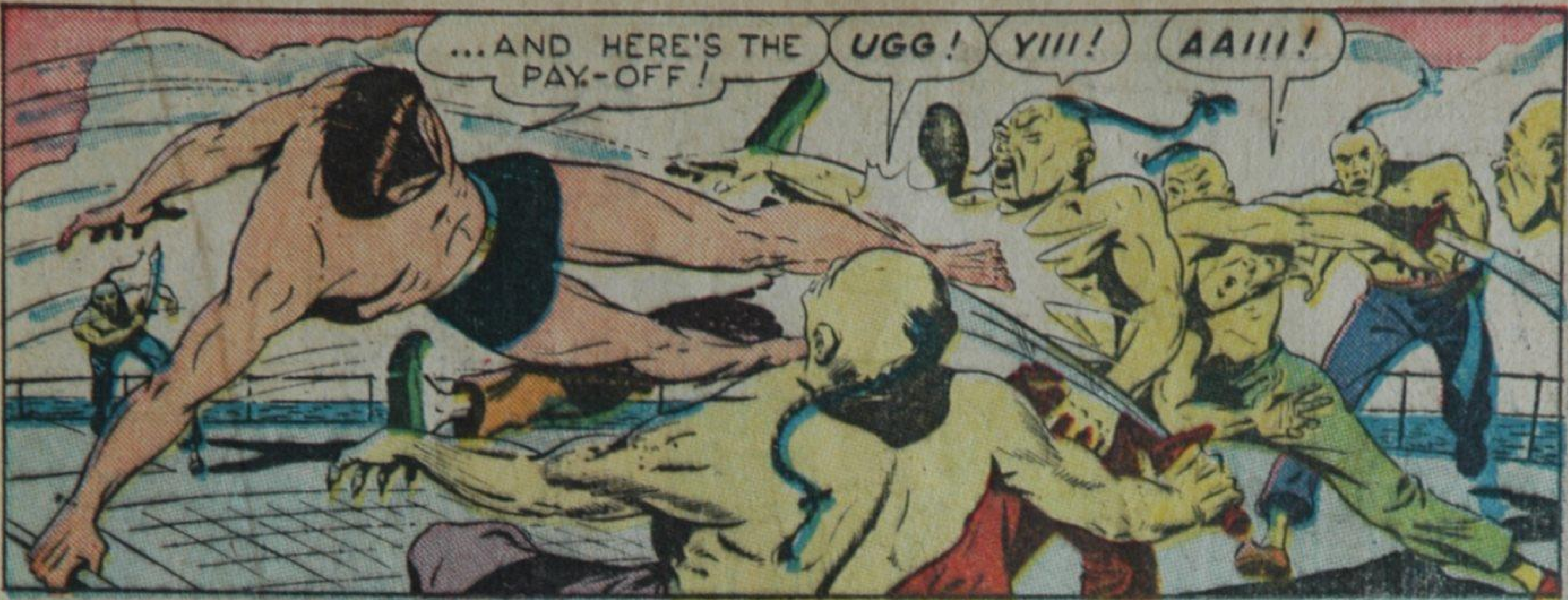

BUT THE WHIZZER IS ONE MAN TO WHOM THE SLOW-DOWN RAY MEANS LITTLE!
IT SLOWS **ME** DOWN TOO... TO ABOUT THE SPEED OF A RACING CAR!
HUMMMMMM!
THAT HUMMING SOUND GETS LOUDER AS I GO ALONG! I THINK I'M ON THE TRACK OF THE RAY, OR WHATEVER IT IS! AND IT **MUST** BE THE WORK OF **FUTURE MAN**!
THE SOUND COMES FROM THIS CRATER! LOOKS LIKE A BIG BLACK STORM CLOUD OVER IT!
HUMMMMMM!
AH! SO AT LAST WE MEET, FUTURE MAN!
(GASP!) IT'S **WHIZZER**, ONE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PALS!
TURN OFF THAT MACHINE!
BAH! THE ANT THREATENING THE GIANT! I AM A **MENTAL GIANT**! I'LL DESTROY YOU WITH **MENTAL LIGHTNING**!
SEE? HE'S **GONE**! SMASHED TO ATOMS!
GUESS AGAIN, MASTERMIND!
WHIZZ
BAM!

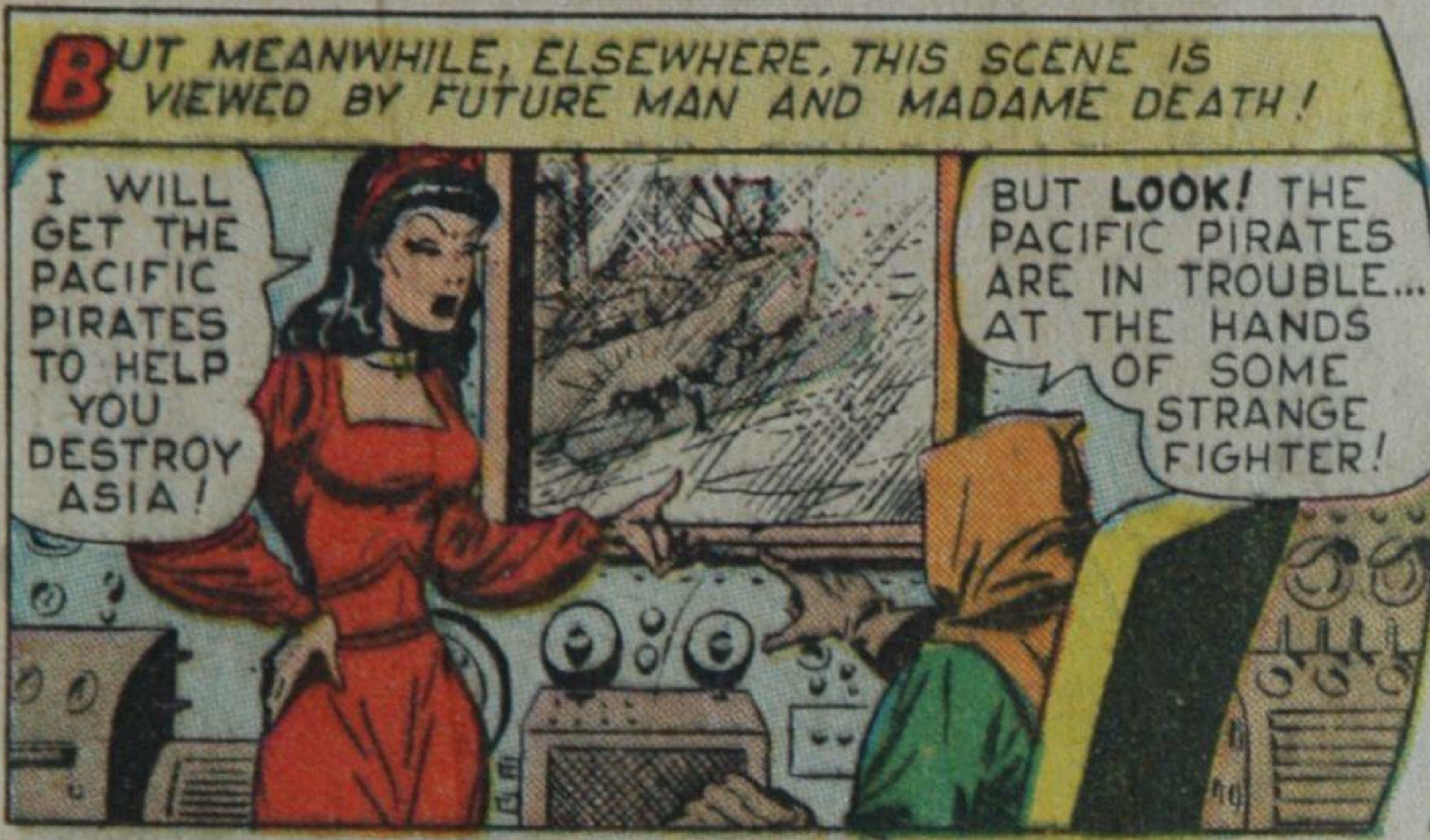

FOOLS! SEIZE HIM!
CARAMBA! WE CANNOT EVEN SEE HIM! HOW CAN WE SEIZE HIM?
HE'S BEATING OUR MEN! WE'VE LOST!
NOT YET! QUICKLY! WHEEL THE RAY MACHINE AROUND AND GIVE HIM FULL POWER! WE WILL SLOW HIM DOWN!
AS THE FULL FORCE OF THE SLOW-DOWN RAY HITS THE WHIZZER, HE IS ROBBED OF ALL HIS SPEED!
HOLY SMOKE! I'M SLOWED DOWN TO A WALK!
W
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS BLAZING CAREER, WHIZZER IS NO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MEN IN SPEED, AND...
WE'VE GOT HIM! TIE HIM UP GOOD!
THEY HAD TO TURN THE RAY OFF WHILE TYING ME, SO IT WOULDN'T SLOW THEM DOWN TOO! THEY HAVEN'T TIED MY LEGS YET! I STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
WHAT EES..?
MIND IF I LEAVE YOU FOR A MOMENT, BOYS?
NOW TO GET THIS FARMER TO CUT MY ROPES!

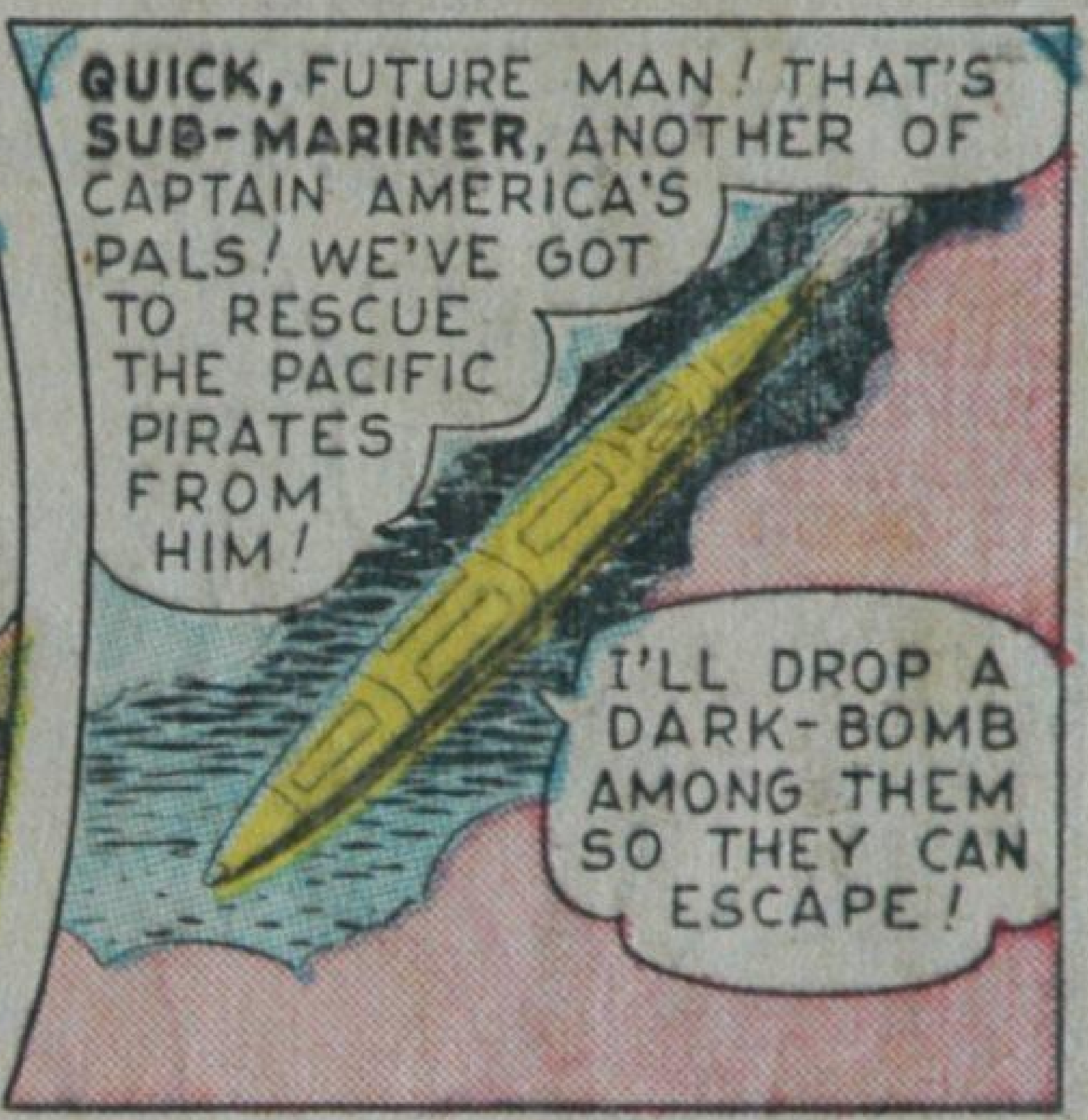
GRACIAS, AMIGO! NOW BACK TO THE CRATER! IT'S ONLY 16 MILES!
WHIZ
HEY! THE WHIZZER'S BACK! HE LEFT BUT SECONDS AGO!
DID I STAY AWAY TOO LONG?
YIII!
EEEAA!
UGG!
BIFF
SOCK!
WHAM!
WITHOUT STOPPING HIS ROARING PACE, THE WHIZZER SMASHES INTO THE RAY MACHINE!
SMASH!
THE MACHINE-- WRECKED!
I MUST ESCAPE--OHHH!
TOO LATE! I'VE GOT YOU AND FUTURE MAN AT LAST!
HAVE YOU, BUFFOON?
AGAIN THE ASTRAL IMAGE OF FUTURE MAN FADES AWAY!
THIS IS ONLY MY ASTRAL IMAGE! I AM SAFE ELSEWHERE!
HUH? HE'S FADING AWAY! BUT ANYWAY, I'VE GOT MADAME DEATH!
HOLY MACKEREL! SOME STRANGE FORCE IS DRAWING HER UP INTO THE AIR—THE ONE PLACE I CAN'T FOLLOW! THEY BOTH ESCAPED!
CORRECTION AGAIN, STUPID ONE!
AT LEAST SOUTH AMERICA IS OUT OF DANGER!
I SEE I UNDERESTIMATED CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS FRIENDS! BUT I SHALL SWEEP ASIDE ALL OPPOSITION THIS TIME, AS I WIPE OUT THE CONTINENT OF ASIA!

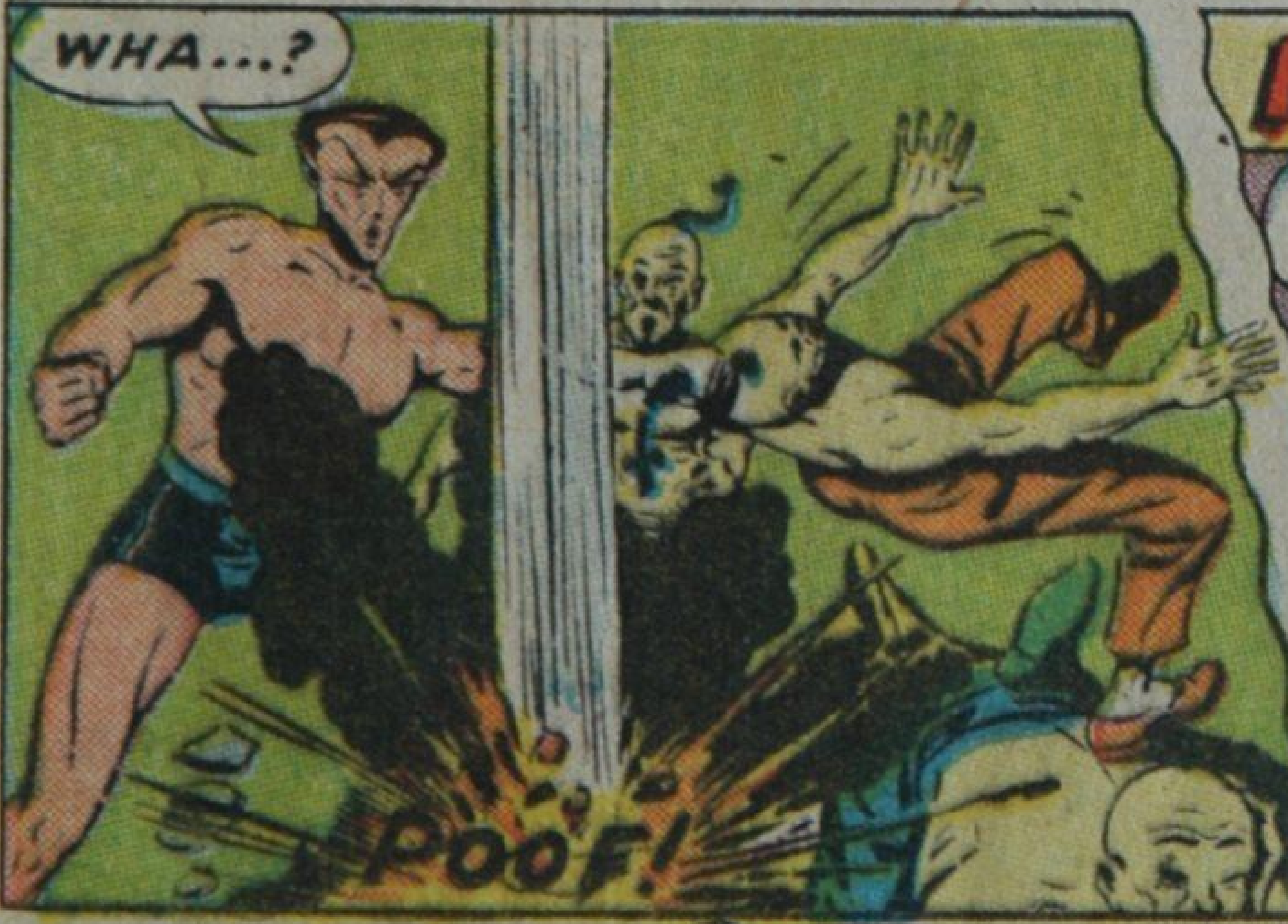
SUB-MARINER
CHAPTER IV
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE THREATENED WITH DROWNING BY ONE HUGE TIDAL WAVE, AS FUTURE MAN STIRS UP TROUBLED WATERS! WHAT CAN ONE CREATURE, THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER, DO AGAINST THIS POWERFUL, ALL-ENGULFING...
"WAVE OF DESTRUCTION!"
SL-840
IN ASIA, ALONG THE CHINA COAST, SUB-MARINER RECEIVES A REPORT FROM BOTH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE WHIZZER!
HMM! IT SEEMS FUTURE MAN FAILED IN EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA. WHAT WILL HE TRY IN ASIA, IF HE STRIKES HERE NEXT?
CABLEGRAMS
LEGRAM

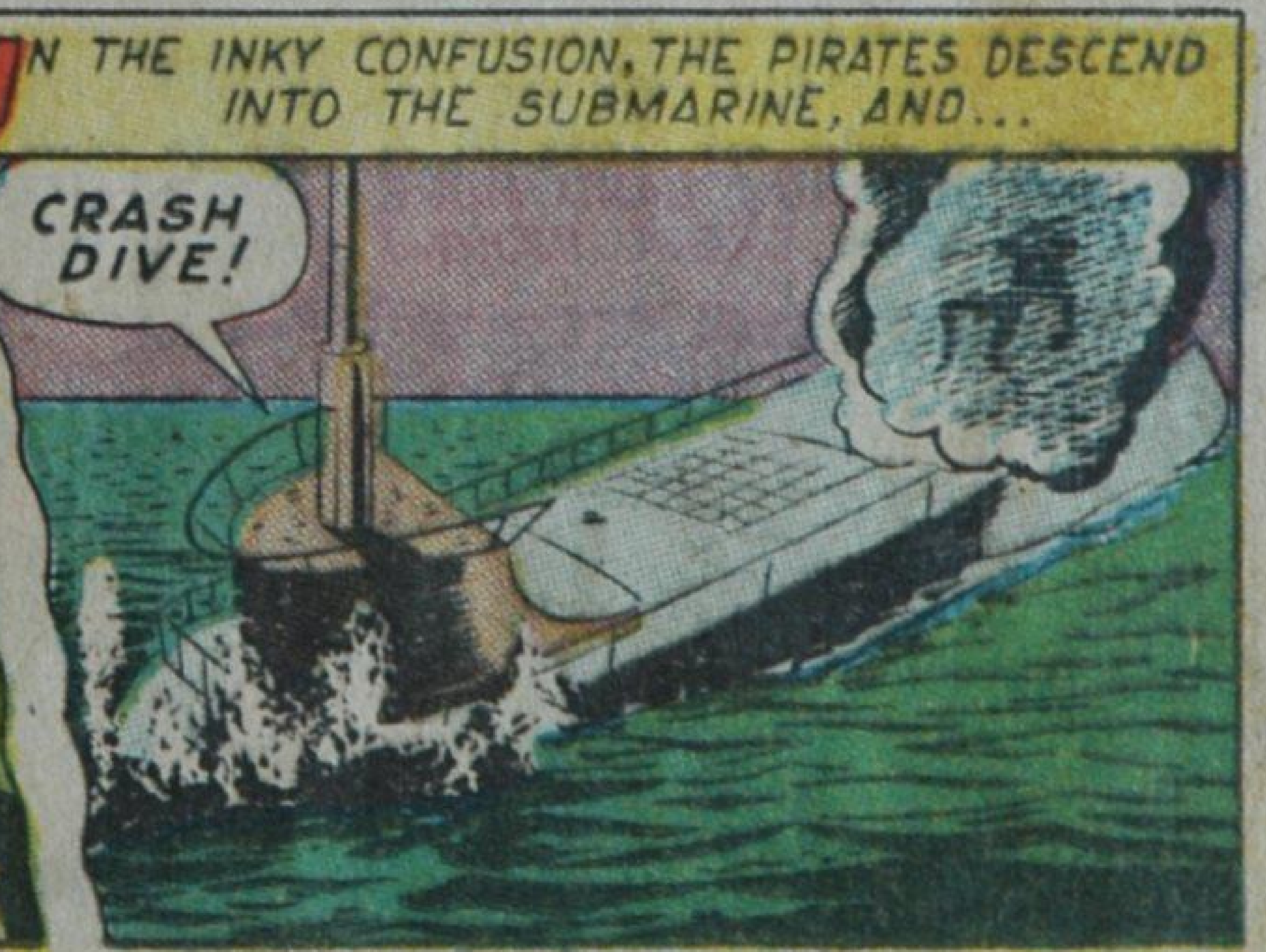
IF HE SUCCEEDS IN ASIA, HE WOULD IN ONE STROKE WIPE OUT HALF THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD! I'VE **GOT** TO STOP HIM!
THEN...
KWANTUNG COAST GUARD
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
S.O.S.! ATTACKED BY PACIFIC PIRATES, OFF COAST OF CANTON! S.O.S....
THE PACIFIC PIRATES ARE THORNS IN OUR SIDES!
YES! IT IS TENTH SHIP THEY HAVE RAIDED AT SEA! SEND CUTTER!
BEFORE THAT CUTTER GETS THERE, THE SHIP WILL BE SUNK! WHILE WAITING FOR FUTURE MAN TO SHOW HIS HAND, I HAVE TIME TO GET AFTER THESE PACIFIC PIRATES!
THE SEA-PRINCE SPEEDS FASTER THAN ANY SHIP ACROSS THE SEA, AND SOON...
SO! IT SEEMS THE PACIFIC PIRATES ARE ***MODERN*** RAIDERS WHO USE A SUBMARINE! THEY'RE LOADING THE LOOT ALREADY!
GREETINGS FROM PRINCE NAMOR!
SUB-MARINER!
I'LL SLASH YOU TO RIBBONS, FISHMAN!
THERE'S BEEN A SLIGHT CHANGE IN PLANS!

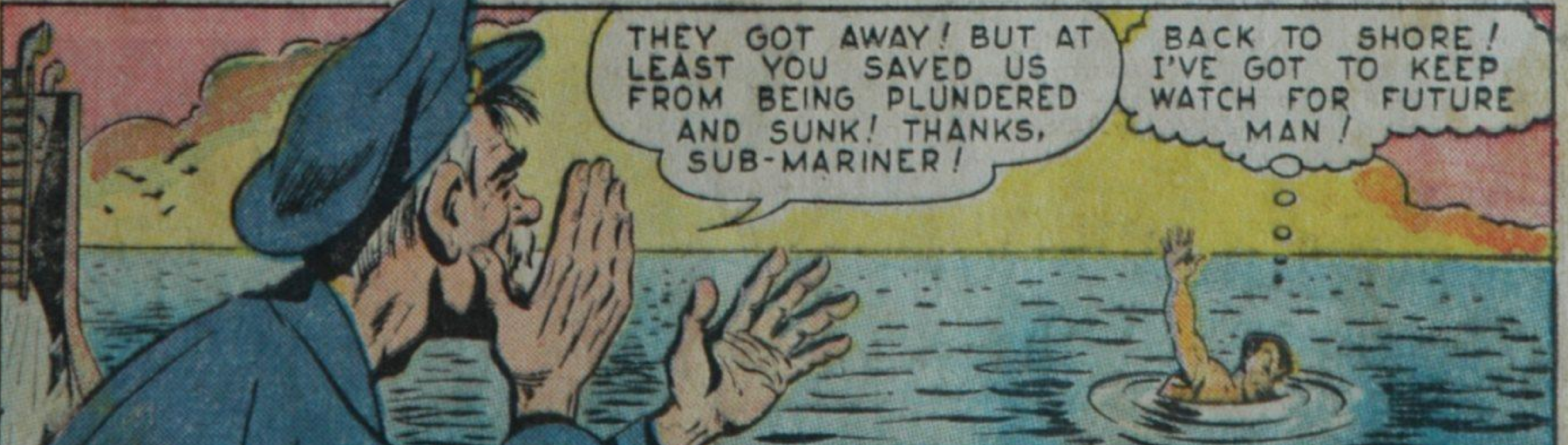

...AND HERE'S THE PAY-OFF!
UGG!
YIII!
AAIII!


BUT MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE, THIS SCENE IS VIEWED BY FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH!
I WILL GET THE PACIFIC PIRATES TO HELP YOU DESTROY ASIA!
BUT LOOK! THE PACIFIC PIRATES ARE IN TROUBLE... AT THE HANDS OF SOME STRANGE FIGHTER!


QUICK, FUTURE MAN! THAT'S SUB-MARINER, ANOTHER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PALS! WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE THE PACIFIC PIRATES FROM HIM!
I'LL DROP A DARK-BOMB AMONG THEM SO THEY CAN ESCAPE!


WHA...?
POOF!


IN THE INKY CONFUSION, THE PIRATES DESCEND INTO THE SUBMARINE, AND...
CRASH DIVE!


THEY GOT AWAY! BUT AT LEAST YOU SAVED US FROM BEING PLUNDERED AND SUNK! THANKS, SUB-MARINER!
BACK TO SHORE! I'VE GOT TO KEEP WATCH FOR FUTURE MAN!

MEANWHILE, AFTER CONTACT BY RADIO, THE PACIFIC PIRATES MEET FUTURE MAN AT A DESERTED ISLAND!
MADAME DEATH AND FUTURE MAN! YOU SAVED US FROM SUB-MARINER?
YES! AND FOR A VERY GOOD REASON! FUTURE MAN NEEDS YOUR HELP!
HELP ME WIPE OUT THE PEOPLE OF ASIA! THERE WILL BE A FEW THOUSAND LEFT ALIVE! YOU CAN HAVE THEIR WEALTH, AND LORD IT OVER THEM!
AGREED! WHAT IS YOUR PLAN?
WITH YOUR SUBMARINE, WE WILL FIND A CERTAIN UNDERSEA SPOT, AND THERE WE WILL CREATE THE MOST GIGANTIC TIDAL WAVE OF ALL HISTORY!
THIS IS THE SPOT! MY MENTAL WAVES INFORM ME THIS IS A SUNKEN ISLAND! LAND HERE AND WE WILL BEGIN WORK!
FUTURE MAN! HOW CAN YOU STEP OUT WITHOUT A DIVING SUIT? YOU'LL DROWN!
BAH! YOU FORGET I AM BUT AN ASTRAL IMAGE, AND THEREFORE CANNOT DROWN!
AND WHAT IS THIS? A MONSTER WHO THINKS I AM A DELICIOUS TIDBIT FOR HIS NEXT MEAL, EH?
FUTURE MAN PROJECTS A MENTAL LIGHTNING BOLT, AND...
BAM!

BUT UNKNOWN TO FUTURE MAN, ANOTHER CREATURE OF THE DEEP OBSERVES THEM!
NOW WE'LL RAISE THIS SUNKEN ISLAND AND CREATE A TIDAL WAVE!
WHO CAN THESE INVADERS OF OUR UNDERSEA DOMAIN BE? I MUST INFORM OUR GOOD PRINCE NAMOR OF THIS!
I DON'T LIKE THIS INACTIVITY. WHERE IS FUTURE MAN? IN WHAT WAY WILL HE STRIKE?
PRINCE! PRINCE NAMOR!
A QUEER MAN IS UNDERSEA, WITH HELPERS FROM A SUBMARINE!
AH! THAT MUST BE FUTURE MAN... AND THE PACIFIC PIRATES! THEY'VE JOINED FORCES!
LEAD THE WAY, AND HURRY!
YES, O PRINCE! THE SUBMARINE RESTS UNDER A BIG BLACK CLOUD IN THE SKY!
THERE THEY ARE!
PLACE THAT TORPEDO AT THIS SPOT!
BUT, FUTURE MAN! DO YOU MEAN ONE LITTLE TORPEDO IS GOING TO START A BIG TIDAL WAVE?

THE TORPEDO WILL ONLY ACT AS A "FUSE," AND SET OFF GIGANTIC GEOLOGICAL STRAINS! THE EXPLOSION WILL RIP THIS ISLAND LOOSE, AND IT WILL RISE, THUS CREATING THE TIDAL WAVE!
THE TIDAL WAVE WILL SWEEP OVER THE WHOLE OF ASIA! IN ONE SWOOP, THE POPULATION OF THE ASIATIC REGION WILL PERISH!
SO THAT'S YOUR EVIL SCHEME?
AWAY FROM THAT TORPEDO!
SUB-MARINER! AGAIN!
NOW, YOU LITTLE WEASEL FROM THE FUTURE, I'LL...
WAIT! YOU TOO CAN LIVE UNDER WATER? THEN YOU MUST BE FAR MORE INTELLIGENT THAN THESE OTHER DOLTS! WHY NOT JOIN ME, SUB-MARINER?
THE ANSWER IS NO!

FOOL! THEN MY MENTAL BOLT WILL FIX YOU! IT CAN'T KILL UNDER WATER, BUT IT WILL STUN YOU!
...GASP!
HAH, HE IS HELPLESS! TIE HIM TO THE TORPEDO!
THE TORPEDO WILL EXPLODE AGAINST THAT UNDERSEA ROCK-- BLOW HIM TO SHREDS, AND CAUSE THE GEOLOGICAL STRAINS ACCORDING TO MY PLAN!
BUT THE WATER PRINCE HAS FRIENDS AMONG ALL THE DEEP SEA CREATURES, LARGE AND SMALL, AND...
...AT THAT MOMENT, SUB-MARINER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
MY LITTLE FRIENDS! THEY CHEWED MY BONDS AWAY! I MUST HURRY BEFORE THE TORPEDO STRIKES THE ROCK!
IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS FUSE-CAP OFF IN TIME!
JUST IN TIME! NOW BACK TO THOSE PIRATES FOR A SHOWDOWN!
CRASH!

THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM, BUT I'M IN MY OWN NATURAL ELEMENT, WHEREAS THEY ARE PRACTICALLY HELPLESS! HERE GOES!
SURPRISE!
THE BEWILDERED PIRATES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE FIGHTING SUB-MARINER!
AND THIS JUST ABOUT WINDS UP ALL OF YOU!
--AND IN THE SUBMARINE...
SUB-MARINER ESCAPED! ALL IS LOST! I'D BETTER REJOIN FUTURE MAN ON THE SURFACE!
AFTER MADAME DEATH REJOINS FUTURE MAN IN HIS ASTRAL SHIP...
WE'VE FAILED AGAIN!
YES, I KNOW!
WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW?
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FRIENDS CANNOT DEFEAT ME ALL OVER THE WORLD! I WILL STRIKE NEXT AT-- AFRICA!
WELL, I STOPPED FUTURE MAN IN ASIA! I MUST WARN MISS AMERICA AND THE TORCH TO BE ON THEIR GUARD!
8

HOLIDAY FOR MURDER

DAVEY STANFORD spread out in the sand and let his skin draw in the rays of the sun. He felt carefree and rested; just what he needed after a hectic journey around the world. As he closed his eyes, he could almost visualize the great adventures he had had in every continent on the globe. Fighting bandits in China, shooting the wild tiger in India, swimming the Hellespont . . .

Then he wondered how long he would stay here at the Beachwood resort. This was a holiday he needed badly; yet he knew he could not stay very long in one place. It did not take much to get that wanderlust feeling inside of him . . . and when it came, he just had to pack up and start moving.

"Oh, well," Davey thought. "Another few days here, and I'll be on my way again. Can't take too much of this dreary place. Nothing ever happens around here."

But that evening, things began to look up for young Stanford. He got into a friendly conversation with Mr. Simmons, the Hotel manager, and heard about the secret gambling room hidden away in the basement of the Hotel.

"Just the thing for a fellow like you who has been around," Simmons invited. "C'mon, I'll show you around the place myself."

Davey was led down a long flight of stairs, through a few heavy doors, and finally into an immense room. It was brilliantly lighted with crystal chandeliers, and every manner of gambling table was there. Now Davey knew where so many people disappeared to after dinner. The room was crowded with the wealthier guests of the Hotel.

"Make yourself at home, Stanford," Simmons said with a smile that Davey did not like. "I have some business to attend to. See you later. And, good luck!"

Simmons left the room through a small rear door that said "Private" on it. Davey sauntered slowly around the room, stopping now and then to watch a few players staking large sums of money on a single whirl of the roulette wheel or on a single card. He could never understand why people "threw" their money away in gambling dens, when they realized that the odds were greatly against them.

As he leaned leisurely against a wall, young Stanford was able to take in the entire sweep of the room. Every face was a study in human emotions . . . some expressing intense jubilation, but most of them displaying a sudden dejection which bordered on anger and hysteria. It was easy to tell who were the losers.

And then, one face in particular attracted Davey's interest. There was a middle-aged man, portly of build, who was apparently losing heavily. Davey recognized him as a certain Mr. Coburn. He chewed an unlit cigar as his ferret-like eyes watched the round ball clicking around the twirling wheel, and invariably stopping at a number and color on which no one had been fortunate enough to have placed a bet. As the man's agitation increased, Davey could sense the rise of a disagreeable tension in the air. Others around the table stopped betting in order to watch this man wager a small fortune on each turn of the wheel. They were fascinated.

And then the tension broke as Coburn grabbed the cigar from his mouth and slammed it down on the table.

"It's crooked!" he shouted. "The wheel's fixed. You're all a bunch of thieves. I demand to see the manager!"

All play ceased in the room, as the occupants turned to stare in amazement at Coburn. The manager, Simmons, appeared suddenly from the private back room. He sized up the situation at a glance. He approached Coburn and managed a wry smile.

"You, Simmons . . . I want my money back! Your wheel is crooked!"

Simmons seemed prepared for just such an eventuality.

"Now, no need to get excited, Mr. Coburn. You should expect to lose once in a while. Come into my private office and we'll talk it over. I'm sure I can straighten everything out for you!"

Without another word, Coburn followed the manager into the small back room. The rest of the guests seemed to have lost their taste for gambling now, and gradually they abandoned the room. Davey was the last to leave, wondering what was going on behind the door of that back room.

"Oh well," he thought. "Why should I butt in? None of *my* business!"

. . . But, later that night, about midnight, Davey was still pacing the floor of his room. He found it impossible to go to bed. There was a strange feeling in the atmosphere of the Hotel which he had experienced before in his voyaging. It spelt danger and sudden death. Something was wrong; Davey was sure of it.

He left his room and made his way softly down the carpeted stairs. He met no one as he reached the unlocked door leading down to the basement. He managed to grope his way along with the aid of a thin beam of light from his pencil-flashlight. Finally he reached the gambling room. Without hesitation he moved to the roulette table where Coburn had lost so heavily. Davey was no novice to the ways of thieves and bandits. A hasty examination of the wires and levers under the table convinced him of the justification of Coburn's accusations!

Suddenly, Davey could hear a low murmuring of voices as heavy footsteps approached the gambling room from the outer hallway. He switched off his light and huddled behind a large armchair near the wall.

As the words became clearer, Davey recognized the voices of Simmons, Coburn and the roulette table operator. The latter led the way with a flashlight.

"But why bring me down here at this hour?" Coburn was asking.

"I promised you before in my office that I'd return your money at this time," Simmons replied. "I couldn't do it before while the other guests were standing around. It would have looked funny for me."

They had just reached the door of the back office. "Step right in, Mr. Coburn, and we'll fix you right up!" They entered and the door shut behind them.

Davey didn't like the way Simmons said that. It meant only one thing to him. Coburn was going to be "fixed up" all right, but for good! The young adventurer moved noiselessly toward the closed door and listened.

Simmons was laughing and the operator joined him.

"You must take me for a fool, Coburn! Did you really think you were going to get your money back? Bah! You're checking out right now! Tomorrow your body will be found on a lonely country road . . . a bullet in your brain . . . an apparent suicide . . . due to gambling losses, you see?"

The moment had come! With a sudden motion, Davey opened the door and dashed into the dimly-lit room. The operator was twisting Coburn's arms behind him, as Simmons was about to fire a revolver with a silencer attached.

But Simmons never fired that gun! Davey was too fast for him. He tackled the manager swiftly as the gun fell to the floor. In a few short seconds, Davey was battling two infuriated men. Coburn was too frightened and shaken to be of any help.

All the tactics which young Stanford had learned in foreign lands now came to the fore, as he lunged and delivered dynamic blows to his two opponents. A sudden upswing with his right arm knocked the operator senseless as Davey's fist connected with his jaw.

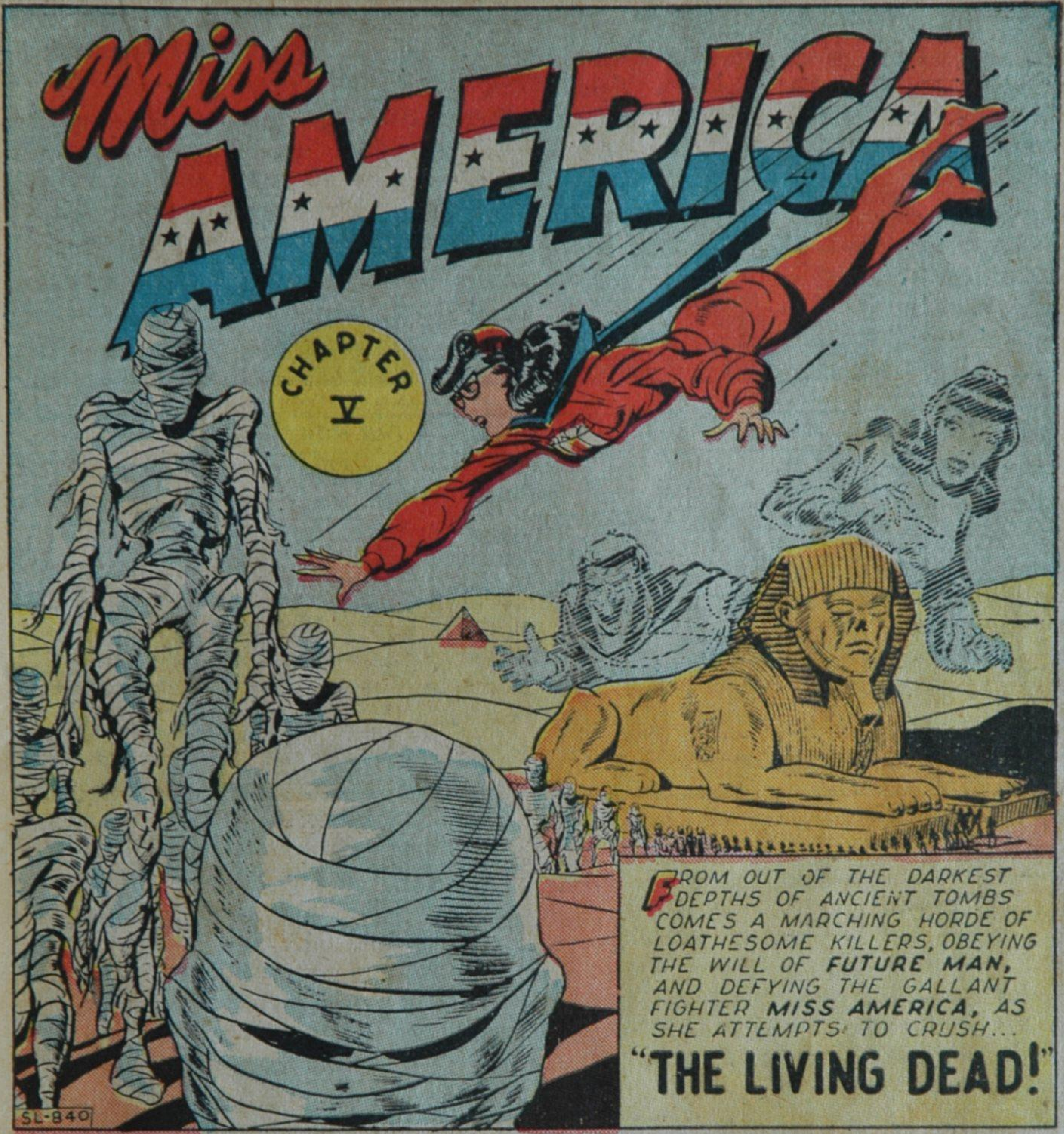
Now only Simmons remained. A series of body blows and a final smash to his face subdued the beaten Hotel manager. Davey did not waste any time accepting Coburn's stammered thanks. A hurry call to the nearby State Police barracks brought the would-be murderers within the clutches of the Law.

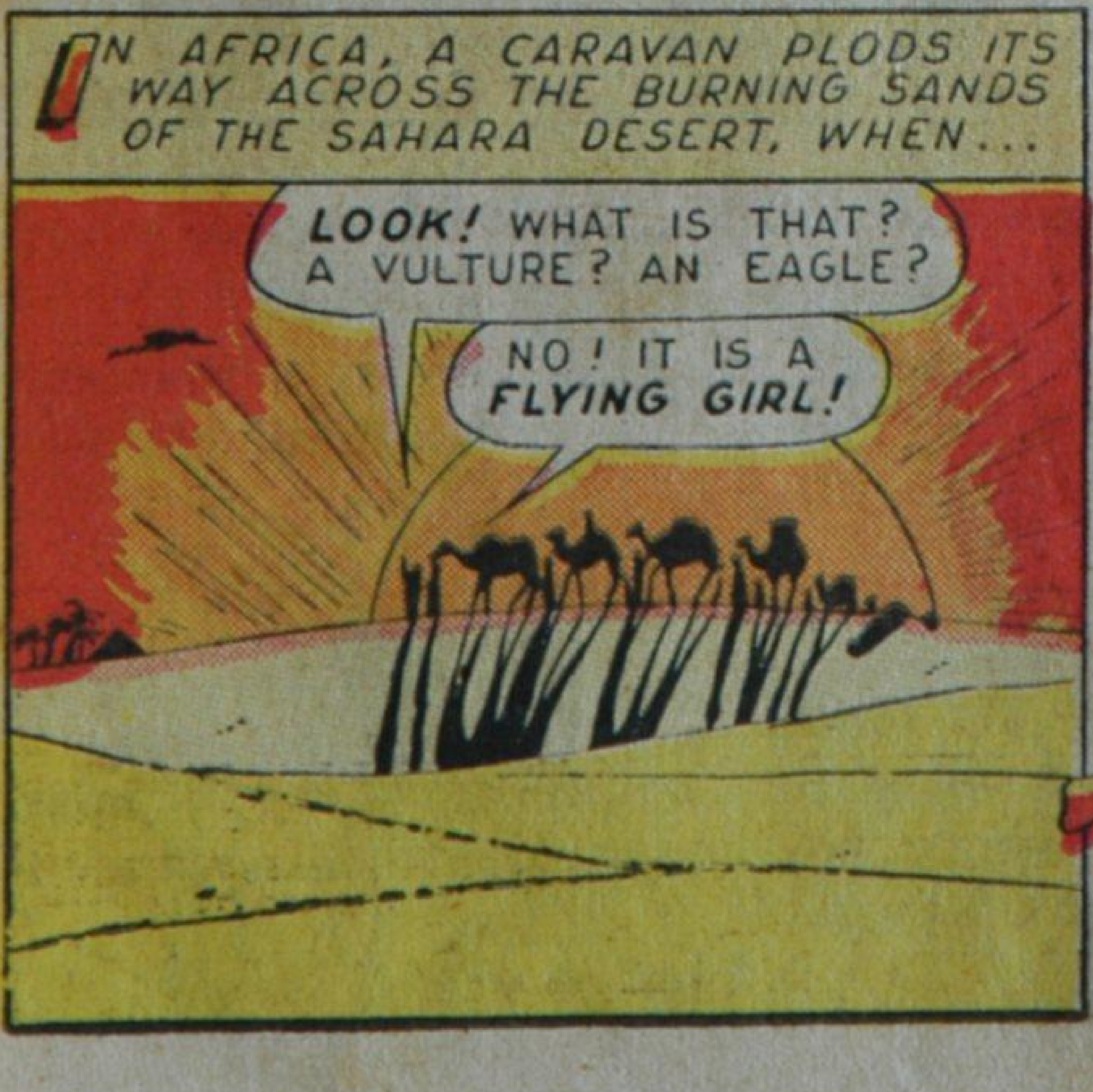
As Davey accompanied Coburn to his room, the latter paved the way with grateful remarks. Finally he asked:

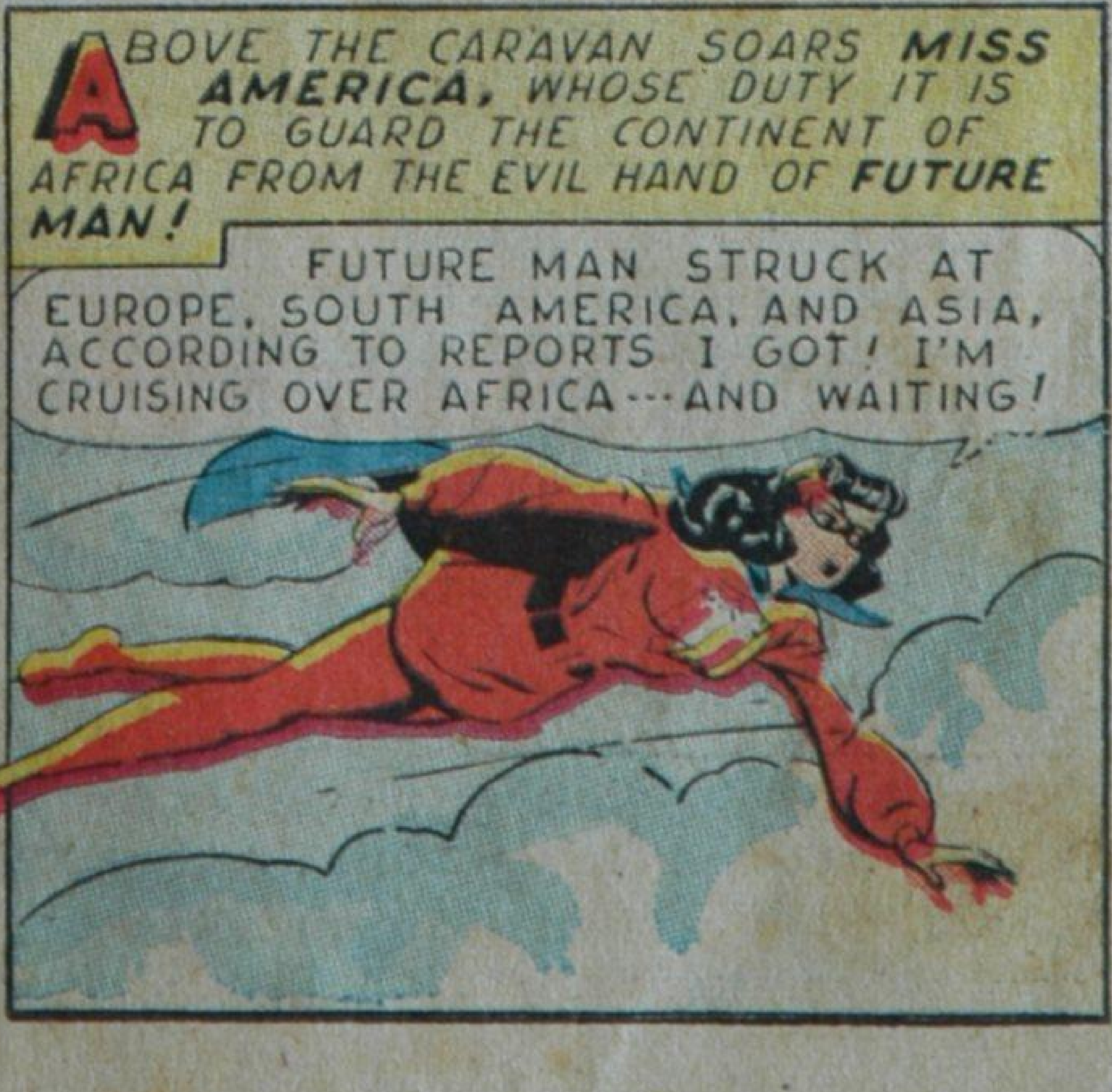
"What are your plans now, Stanford?"

Davey smiled as he replied. "My holiday is over. I'm leaving for Africa in a few days . . . good season for lion-hunting. I sort of miss the danger. Nothing exciting ever happens in places like this!"

THE END


Miss AMERICA
CHAPTER V
FROM OUT OF THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF ANCIENT TOMBS COMES A MARCHING HORDE OF LOATHESOME KILLERS, OBEYING THE WILL OF **FUTURE MAN**, AND DEFYING THE GALLANT FIGHTER **MISS AMERICA**, AS SHE ATTEMPTS TO CRUSH...
"THE LIVING DEAD!"
SL-840

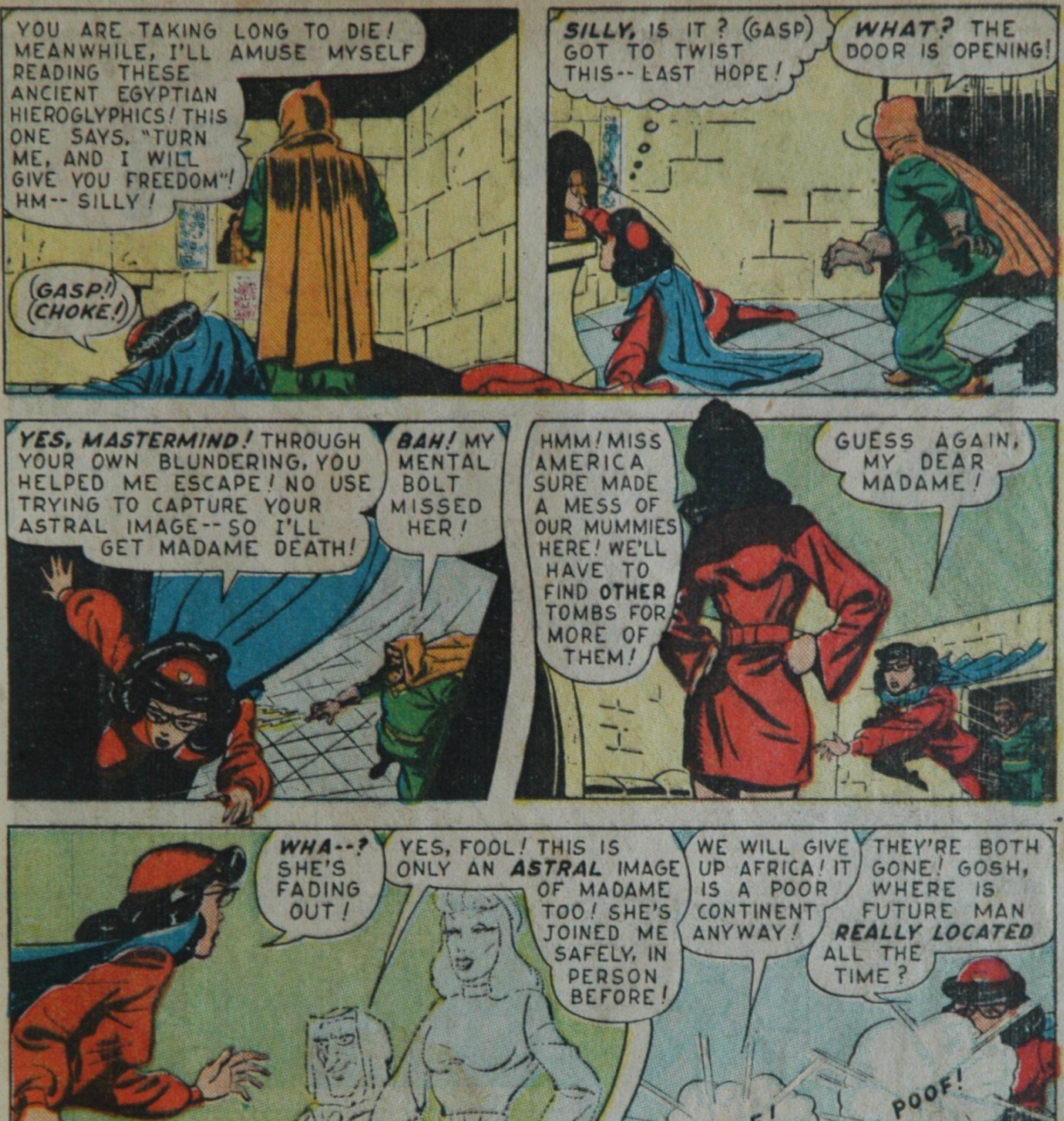

IN AFRICA, A CARAVAN PLODS ITS WAY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS OF THE SAHARA DESERT, WHEN...
LOOK! WHAT IS THAT? A VULTURE? AN EAGLE?
NO! IT IS A **FLYING GIRL!**


ABOVE THE CARAVAN SOARS **MISS AMERICA**, WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO GUARD THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA FROM THE EVIL HAND OF **FUTURE MAN!**
FUTURE MAN STRUCK AT EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA, AND ASIA, ACCORDING TO REPORTS I GOT! I'M CRUISING OVER AFRICA---AND WAITING!

BUT LATER, AN OMINOUS SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE CARAVAN!
CARAVAN... HALT! WE ARE BEING ATTACKED!
AND THE RAIDERS, INSTEAD OF DESERT BANDITS, ARE A FAR MORE WEIRD AND FEARFUL GROUP!
FOOLS! YOU CANNOT KILL THE DEAD!
BANG! BANG!
BUT MISS AMERICA IS WITHIN EARSHOT, AND...
GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! ANCIENT MUMMIES THAT CAME TO LIFE!
SHE IS TOO STRONG TO RESIST! RUN... BACK TO OUR MASTER, FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!
AND I'LL FOLLOW! COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF FUTURE MAN?
THEY'RE RUNNING INTO THAT OLD PYRAMID! AND HOW STRANGE... A BIG BLACK CLOUD OVER IT!
MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE AGE-OLD TOMB, THE GHASTLY MUMMIES REPORT TO THEIR MASTER... FUTURE MAN!
MASTER! A FLYING GIRL DROVE US OFF FROM THE CARAVAN!
THAT COULD ONLY BE MISS AMERICA, ANOTHER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FRIENDS!
WHAT? IS THERE NO END TO THEIR MEDDLING?

BUT NO MATTER! ON WITH OUR WORK OF REVIVING MORE MUMMIES! MADAME DEATH, WE'LL USE THE LIFE BATTERY ON **THIS** ONE!
ANOTHER ANCIENT MUMMY **ALIVE!** IT WAS SIMPLE TO TAKE THIS BATTERY AND CONVERT IT TO GIVE OFF ***LIFE CURRENTS!*** I WILL BRING THOUSANDS OF MUMMIES TO LIFE FROM UNKNOWN TOMBS!
THEN LIKE AN ARMY, THEY WILL SWEEP OUT, ALL OVER AFRICA! GUNS CANNOT STOP THEM! THEY WILL WIPE OUT ALL THE LIVING SOULS OF **AFRICA!** AFRICA WILL BE **MINE!**
MISS AMERICA! SHE'S HERE!
THE FLYING GIRL, EH? HERE'S A MENTAL BOLT!
NO, THANKS!
GET HER! SHE'S ONLY ONE LITTLE GIRL!
BUT WHAT A GIRL!
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THOSE COFFINS!
YAAA!
AAIII!
LET **ME** HANDLE THIS LITTLE WILDCAT! ***TAKE THIS!***

SISTER! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
WHACK!
OHHHHH!
HERE'S THE **END** OF THIS HORRIBLE LIFE BATTERY!
PAH! I CAN MAKE MORE BATTERIES! BUT RUN, MADAME DEATH! YOU MUST ESCAPE HER! FOLLOW ME!
PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK, EH?
QUICK! THESE DOORS ARE MADE TO CLOSE, WHEN ANYONE RUNS THROUGH!
WHAT? BOTH DOORS CLOSED ON ME! LOOKS LIKE I'M TRAPPED IN THIS ROOM!
SLAM!
SLAM!
OOF! CAN'T BUDGE THIS DOOR!
NO, MY DEAR! AND NOW, MY ASTRAL IMAGE WILL JOIN YOU, AND WATCH YOU DIE!
THIS CHAMBER IS AIRTIGHT! SOON YOUR LUNGS WILL USE UP ALL THE OXYGEN! **YOU ARE DOOMED!**
(GASP!)


YOU ARE TAKING LONG TO DIE! MEANWHILE, I'LL AMUSE MYSELF READING THESE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS! THIS ONE SAYS, "TURN ME, AND I WILL GIVE YOU FREEDOM"! HM-- SILLY!
(GASP!) (CHOKE!)
SILLY, IS IT? (GASP) GOT TO TWIST THIS-- LAST HOPE!
WHAT? THE DOOR IS OPENING!
YES, MASTERMIND! THROUGH YOUR OWN BLUNDERING, YOU HELPED ME ESCAPE! NO USE TRYING TO CAPTURE YOUR ASTRAL IMAGE-- SO I'LL GET MADAME DEATH!
BAH! MY MENTAL BOLT MISSED HER!
HMM! MISS AMERICA SURE MADE A MESS OF OUR MUMMIES HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OTHER TOMBS FOR MORE OF THEM!
GUESS AGAIN, MY DEAR MADAME!
WHA--? SHE'S FADING OUT!
YES, FOOL! THIS IS ONLY AN ASTRAL IMAGE OF MADAME TOO! SHE'S JOINED ME SAFELY, IN PERSON BEFORE!
WE WILL GIVE UP AFRICA! IT IS A POOR CONTINENT ANYWAY!
THEY'RE BOTH GONE! GOSH, WHERE IS FUTURE MAN REALLY LOCATED ALL THE TIME?
POOF!
POOF!
WELL, AT LEAST I SAVED AFRICA FROM THE TERRIBLE MUMMIES!
FUTURE MAN STRUCK AT FOUR CONTINENTS! THAT MEANS ONLY NORTH AMERICA IS LEFT! SO I CAN SEND A WARNING TO HUMAN TORCH, BACK IN AMERICA!

THE HUMAN TORCH
CHAPTER VI
SL-846
MISS AMERICA SAYS FUTURE MAN JUST FAILED IN AFRICA, AND THE ONLY CONTINENT LEFT IS **NORTH AMERICA!** SO IT'S ***OUR*** TURN, TORO!
RIGHT, TORCH! WE'RE READY!

THE GREATEST DISASTER TO HIT AMERICA IS THIS **ATOMIC FIRE**, WROUGHT BY THE EVIL GENIUS OF **FUTURE MAN!** FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE, THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND **TORO** THEMSELVES SEEM DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION AS THEY BATTLE THE...

"FLAMES OF FURY!"

BACK IN AMERICA, HUMAN TORCH AND TORO RECEIVE A TENSE MESSAGE FROM MISS AMERICA!

READY FOR WHAT, KID? WE DON'T KNOW WHERE OR WHEN OR HOW FUTURE MAN WILL STRIKE!
GUESS WE HAVE TO KEEP ON LISTENING TO THE RADIO REPORTS!
MEANWHILE, FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH DISCUSS THEIR NEXT MOVE, IN NORTH AMERICA...
CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS ANOTHER OF HIS GANG HERE--THE HUMAN TORCH! HE CONTROLS FLAME POWERS!
FOUR TIMES I'VE BEEN BESTED BY THESE MEDDLERS!
BUT THIS TIME I SHALL PLAY WISE! I WILL FIRST DECOY THIS HUMAN TORCH SOMEWHERE, BEFORE I BEGIN MY PLAN TO WIPE OUT THE POPULATION OF NORTH AMERICA!
LATER, OVER NORTHERN WOODS...
BUT THAT'S ONLY A COMMON INCENDIARY TYPE BOMB!
YES, BUT IT WILL START A BIG FOREST FIRE, ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE HUMAN TORCH! THEN WE WILL BE FREE TO ACT ELSEWHERE!
THE INCENDIARY BOMB BEGINS ITS WORK!
FIRE! FOREST FIRE!
FLASH! A TERRIFIC FOREST FIRE IS BLAZING AND SPREADING IN CANADA! IT THREATENS NEARBY TOWNS...
A FOREST FIRE! TORCH, SHALL WE...?
THE PAIR FLAMES ON, AND...
RIGHT, TORO! ACTION AT LAST! WE'RE NEEDED THERE, AND SO FAR FUTURE MAN HASN'T MADE A MOVE!

ON RECORD FLYING TIME, THE DUO ARRIVES AT THE SCENE...
WOW! IT SURE SPREAD FAST!
WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT TIME TO CHOP DOWN TREES IN ADVANCE OF THE FLAMES!
RUN FOR IT!
BACK, MEN! LET US HANDLE THIS!
TORCH AND TORO! HURRAH!
TOPPLE THESE TREES DOWN, TORO -- AT THE EDGE OF THE FIRE! KEEP THE FLAMES FROM JUMPING TO THE NEXT TREES!
MEANWHILE, FAR TO THE SOUTH, IN A BARREN STRETCH...
THESE ARE OUR NEW HELPER'S, FUTURE MAN... A DESERT GANG OF BADMEN!
DID YOU BRING THE URANIUM-235 I REQUESTED?
YEAH, BOSS! WE HAD TO RAID TH' GOVERNMENT PLANT, BUT WE GOT IT!
GOOD! WHILE TORCH AND TORO ARE BUSY UP NORTH, WE CAN GO TO WORK DOWN HERE!

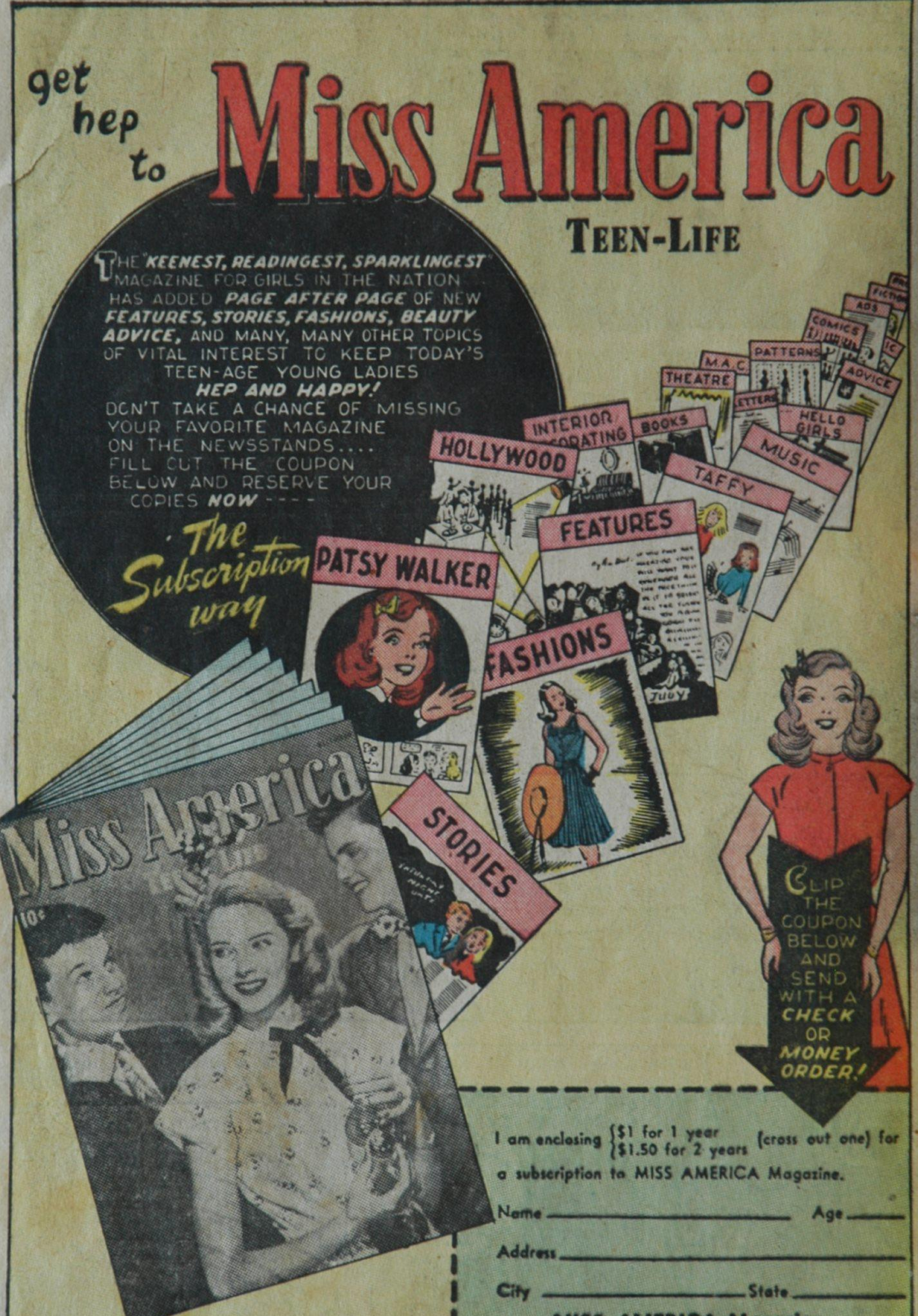
URANIUM-235! BUT THEY USE THAT TO MAKE ATOMIC BOMBS!
YES! BUT WE ARE GOING TO MAKE AN ATOMIC MATCH!
MY BRAIN-WAVES WILL INSTRUCT YOU DUMB BRUTES, AS YOU MIX THE INGREDIENTS!
IT IS DONE... MY ATOMIC MATCH!
YOU MEAN WITH ONE LITTLE MATCH YOU'RE GOING TO WIPE OUT NORTH AMERICA? ANY FIRE CAN BE STOPPED IN DUE TIME!
NOTHING CAN STOP THIS FIRE! LIGHT THE MATCH NOW!
HUH? BUT, BOSS, THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' HERE TO BURN! NO PAPER... WOOD... OR ANYTHING!
YOU FOOL! ARE ALL YOU 20TH CENTURY PEOPLE SO IGNORANT? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ATOMIC FIRE BURNS EVERYTHING?
JUMPIN' HORNED-TOADS! THE SAND IS BURNING!
THE AMAZING MASTERMIND OF ONE MILLION A.D. HAS CREATED A NEW KIND OF FIRE UNKNOWN AS YET TO 20TH CENTURY SCIENCE!
ATOMIC FIRE WILL BURN ANYTHING THAT HAS ATOMS! AND EVERYTHING IS COMPOSED OF ATOMS! SAND... STONE... STEEL... EVERYTHING!
HAH! THE ATOMIC FIRE WILL SPREAD ALL THROUGH THE CONTINENT AND BURN EVERYTHING FLAT! AND ONLY I CAN STOP IT IF I SO WILL IT!

AT THIS MOMENT, UP NORTH, HUMAN TORCH AND TORO FINISH FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE...
WE CAN HANDLE IT NOW, TORCH! YOU STOPPED THE FIRE COLD!
GLAD TO HELP!
I'LL RADIO HEADQUARTERS AND... HEY! LISTEN!
HEADQUARTERS CALLING! EMERGENCY! GIANT FIRE HAS BROKEN OUT SOUTH, IN DESERT! NO DETAILS YET...
U.S. FORESTRY SERVICE
TORCH AND TORO AGAIN FLAME INTO ACTION!
ANOTHER FIRE! COME ON, TORO!
BUT, TORCH! DID YOU HEAR WHERE IT WAS? IN THE DESERT! HOW CAN A FIRE BURN IN A DESERT?
SOON...
MAYBE IT'S A MISTAKE... NO, LOOK! THE DESERT IS ON FIRE!
AND IF YOU ASK ME, THESE GUYS ARE BEHIND IT!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
PLUG THE VARMINTS!
(GULP) THE BULLETS JUST MELT!

CORRECT, HOMBRES! AND NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE EXPERT ROPING!
YIII!
OOF!
HALP!
MADAME DEATH! AND THE SMALL FRY, I TAKE IT, IS FUTURE MAN!
WE MEET, HUMAN TORCH... MUCH TO YOUR SORROW!
I WON'T TRY TO DESTROY YOU WITH MY MENTAL-LIGHTNING! I SEE YOU ARE PROTECTED BY FLAME!
AND NO USE ME TRYING TO GRAB YOU! YOU'RE ONLY AN ASTRAL IMAGE!
BUT I KNOW THE ONE WAY TO CANCEL YOUR POWERS! I WILL SEND MENTAL RAYS UPWARD...
HEY! WHERE DID THAT BIG BLACK CLOUD COME FROM?
AND HERE COMES RAIN!
TORCH! OUR FLAMES ARE OUT!
SSSSSS!
HISS!
NO! DON'T SHOOT THEM! LET THEM GET CAUGHT BY THE ATOMIC FIRE! THEY CAN NEVER ESCAPE IT ON FOOT!
AND THE ASTRAL IMAGE OF FUTURE MAN REMAINS TO TAUNT AND GOAD THEM, AS THE ATOMIC FIRE SWEEPS NEAR!
GASP!
FASTER, TORO!
RUN! HURRY! THE FLAME IS AT YOUR HEELS! HAHHHH!

ONLY ONE HOPE, TORO... LET THE FLAMES CATCH US!
BUT, TORCH...?
IT WORKED! THE FLAMES DRIED US OFF QUICKLY! NOW WE CAN FLAME ON!
OH BOY!
WHAT!
COME ON, TORO! THAT MOUNTAIN PEAK HAS ICE ON IT! WE CAN FLOOD THIS DESERT VALLEY WITH WATER AND PUT OUT THE FIRE!
I'LL TAG ALONG, FOOLS! I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS!
BURN HOLES ALL THROUGH THE ICE AND SNOW, TORO! THE WATER WILL FLOW DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND FLOOD THE DESERT VALLEY!
WATER ALWAYS PUTS OUT FIRE, DOESN'T IT?
THAT'S ENOUGH, TORO! LET'S SEE THE RESULT!
TORCH AND TORO MEET THE MOST GHASTLY SIGHT OF THEIR LIVES!
HOLY SMOKE! THE WATER IS BURNING TOO!
YES, IDIOTS! THIS IS ATOMIC FIRE! IT BURNS ATOMS... AND WATER IS COMPOSED OF ATOMS, YOU KNOW!
THERE IS NOTHING WHICH CAN STOP ATOMIC FIRE! IT WILL BURN EVEN STEEL AND CONCRETE! GIVE UP, HUMAN TORCH?
NO! THIS WAY, TORO... INTO THE FLAMES! AT LEAST, THE FLAMES CAN'T HARM US!

IN THE HEART OF THE BURNED-OUT AREA, WHERE THE ATOMIC FIRE HAS ALREADY PASSED...
THERE IS ONE THING WILL STOP ANY FIRE...ITS OWN ASHES! WE'LL BRING THESE ASHES TO THE EDGE OF THE FIRE!
IT'S WORKING, TORCH! THE ASHES ARE HALTING THE FLAMES!
I THINK FUTURE MAN IS HAVING A STROKE!
HISSSSSSS!
YOUR ATOMIC FIRE IS OUT, FUTURE MAN! IT ONLY BURNED THIS WORTHLESS DESERT, AND DIDN'T TAKE ONE HUMAN LIFE!
YOU HAVE WON, HUMAN TORCH!
UTTERLY ENRAGED AT BEING BESTED AGAIN BY THE VALIANT MEMBERS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BAND, FUTURE MAN MAKES A DIRE THREAT!
FIVE TIMES I HAVE BEEN BALKED! I SEE I NEED HELP! I WILL SEND A CALL INTO THE FUTURE! HUNDREDS OF FUTURE MEN WILL COME HERE, IN GIANT SHIPS WITH NEUTRONIC BOMBS!
THE NEUTRONIC BOMB IS MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN YOUR ATOMIC BOMB! WE WILL WIPE OUT THE WHOLE EARTH! YOU CAN'T STOP ME, BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM! MY ASTRAL IMAGE DEFIES YOU! FAREWELL!
HE'S RIGHT, TORO! WE CAN'T STOP HIM SENDING THAT MESSAGE UNLESS WE FIND OUT WHERE HE IS!
WE'D BETTER CALL IN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE REST NOW!
AND SO A FRANTIC MESSAGE GOES OVER THE WORLD, FROM TORCH!
CAPTAIN AMERICA--- SUB-MARINER--- WHIZZER--- MISS AMERICA! COME BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! URGENT! MUST LOCATE FUTURE MAN!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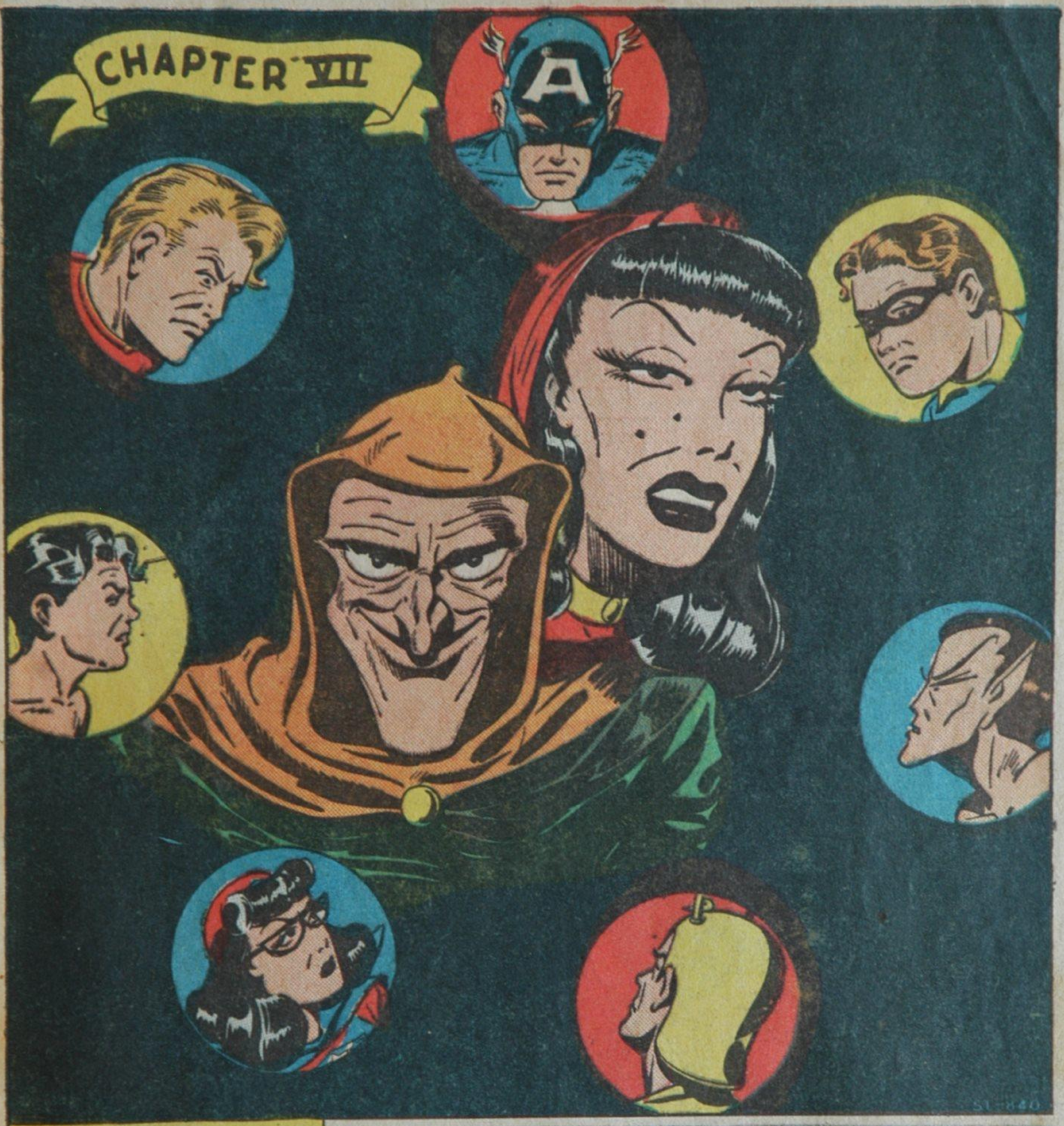
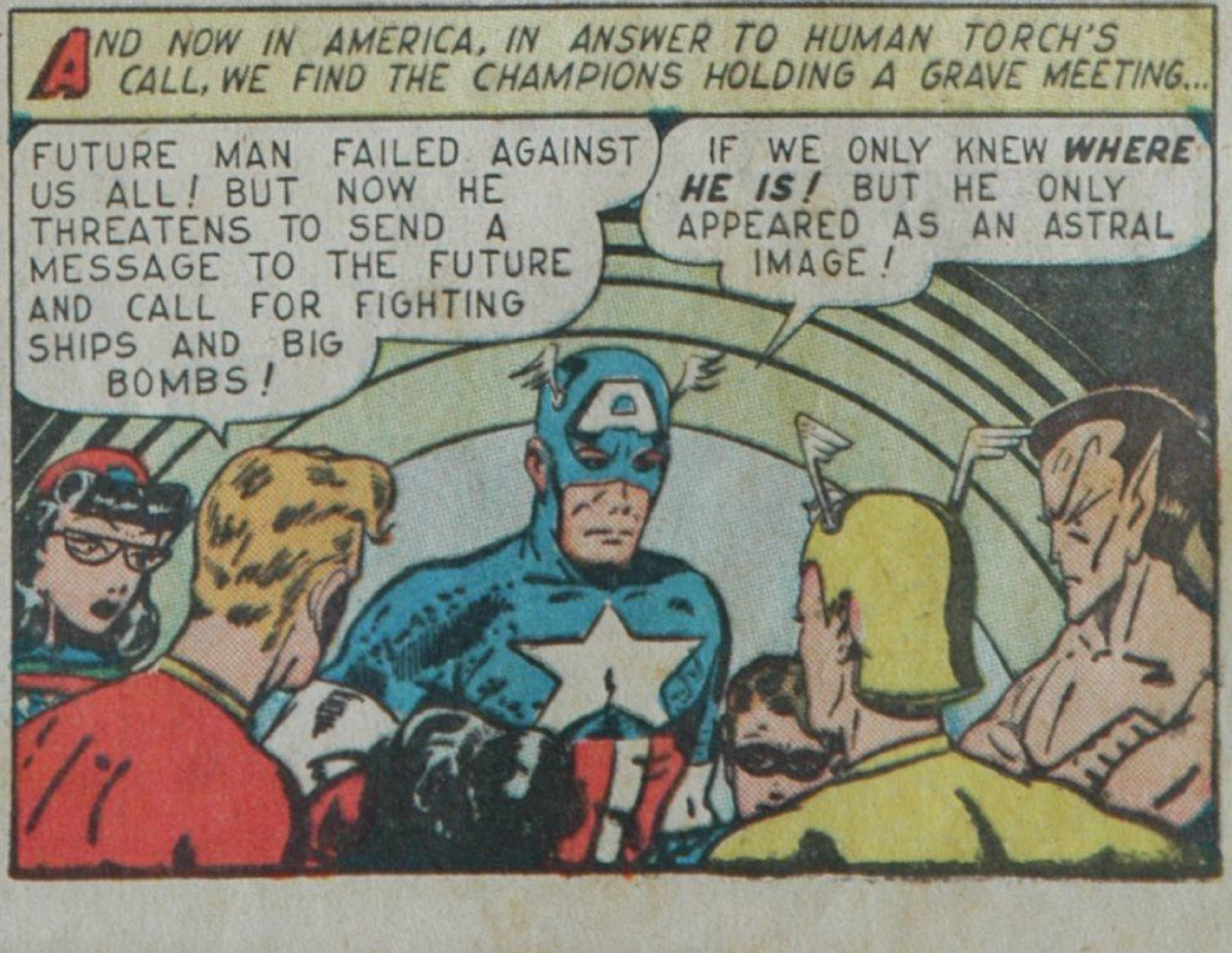
CHAPTER VII



THE MOST MENACING THREAT OF ALL NOW HOVERS OVER THE EARTH, AS **FUTURE MAN** PREPARES TO CONTACT HIS FELLOW FIENDS OF ONE MILLION A.D! WHAT CHANCE WILL THE 20TH CENTURY HAVE AGAINST THE GREATLY ADVANCED SCIENCE OF THESE KILLERS FROM THE FUTURE WORLD? NOW THE **ALL WINNERS SQUAD** COMBINES FORCES TO PREVENT A DEVASTATING...

"WAR BETWEEN THE WORLDS!"


AND NOW IN AMERICA, IN ANSWER TO HUMAN TORCH'S CALL, WE FIND THE CHAMPIONS HOLDING A GRAVE MEETING...
FUTURE MAN FAILED AGAINST US ALL! BUT NOW HE THREATENS TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THE FUTURE AND CALL FOR FIGHTING SHIPS AND BIG BOMBS!
IF WE ONLY KNEW **WHERE HE IS!** BUT HE ONLY APPEARED AS AN ASTRAL IMAGE!

YOU KNOW, I'M STILL PUZZLED ABOUT THAT BIG **BLACK CLOUD** I SAW OVER THE SAHARA DESERT, WHERE IT DIDN'T RAIN...
BIG **BLACK CLOUD?** I SAW ONE IN EUROPE TOO, WHEN THE GERM-BOMBS FELL!
AND I SAW A **BLACK CLOUD** IN SOUTH AMERICA!
THERE WAS A **BLACK CLOUD** OVER THE DESERT, TOO, BEFORE!
THAT'S THE CLUE WE NEED! IT MUST MEAN THE CLOUD HIDES FUTURE MAN'S SHIP, FLOATING IN THE AIR!
QUICK, TORCH AND TORO... SEE IF THE CLOUD IS STILL OVER THE DESERT! YOU TOO, MISS AMERICA! THE REST OF US WILL COME LATER!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
LATER, OVER THE DESERT...
THERE'S THE BLACK CLOUD ALL RIGHT!
UP TO IT!
IN THE HEART OF THE CLOUD...
FUTURE MAN'S SHIP!
WE'VE **GOT** TO BRING IT DOWN, BEFORE FUTURE MAN SENDS HIS MESSAGE... IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE...
IT TOOK ME HOURS TO SET THE CONTROLS FOR THIS TIME-RADIO! BUT NOW IT'S READY TO CONTACT THE FUTURE... **EH?**
LOOK! WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED! IT'S HUMAN TORCH AND MISS AMERICA!
WE MUST ROCKET AWAY AND ESCAPE THEM!
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! **AFTER THEM!**
2

THE FLAMING DUO CATCHES UP TO THE SHIP, AND...
WRECK HIS ROCKET-TUBES, SO HE HAS TO LAND BELOW!
GOOD WORK, TORCH! WHIZZER PULLED US ALONG AND GOT US HERE FAST!
THUM
NOW TO GET FUTURE MAN! FOLLOW ME!
I MUST PUT THROUGH MY CALL TO THE FUTURE! HOLD THEM BACK, MADAME DEATH, WITH THE RAY-GUN!
I'LL BLAST YOU ALL TO ATOMS, FOOLS!
THE RAY CAN'T TOUCH *US,* MADAME DEATH!
BAH! BUT YOU MEN DON'T DARE TOUCH A LADY!
YOU FORGET ***I'M*** HERE! BESIDES, YOU'RE ***NOT*** A LADY!
WHACK!
OHHH!
CALLING THE FUTURE! CALLING... ULP!
TOO LATE, FUTURE MAN! THERE GOES YOUR TIME-RADIO!

YOU HAVE DESTROYED MY TIME-RADIO! BUT I CAN STILL GO TO THE FUTURE, IN PERSON, FOR HELP! WRECKING THE DRIVE-TUBES DID NOT AFFECT THE TIME-ENGINE!
FUTURE MAN HOLDS OFF THE CHAMPIONS WITH MENTAL WAVES!
(GASP!) I CAN'T MOVE!
INVISIBLE WALL HOLDING US BACK!
HE'LL GET AWAY, UNLESS...
OUT OF THE SHIP, EVERYBODY! LET HIM GO!
WHAT? YOU'RE LETTING HIM ESCAPE, CAPTAIN AMERICA?
HAH! I'VE WON! MY SHIP IS FADING... GOING INTO THE FUTURE! I WILL BE BACK WITH A MIGHTY ARMY OF FUTURE MEN, AND WIPE OUT THE 20TH CENTURY!
WHY LET HIM GET AWAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA?
I RIPPED LOOSE SOME OF THE WIRES TO THE TIME-ENGINE, THOSE WHICH LED TO A PLUG LABELED "FUTURE," BUT I LEFT IN THOSE LABELED "PAST"!
WOW! I GET IT! THEN FUTURE MAN WENT INTO THE PAST!
AND SO, THE EVIL MASTERMIND OF ONE MILLION A.D. FINDS HIMSELF PLUNGING FURTHER INTO THE PAST!
THEY TRICKED ME! MY DIALS SHOW WE ARE GOING INTO THE PAST! I CAN'T STOP THE TIME-ENGINE! THE CONTROLS ARE DEAD! WE ARE DOOMED! WE WILL KEEP GOING BACK... AND BACK... AND BACK!
LET ME OUT! EEEAAAAA!
I DON'T THINK FUTURE MEN WILL TACKLE THE 20TH CENTURY AGAIN, AFTER ONE OF THEIR GREATEST SCIENTISTS FAILED TO RETURN!
THE WORLD IS SAFE AGAIN!
AND THE WORLD WILL ALWAYS BE SAFE FROM ANY SINISTER PLOT, WHILE THE MIGHTY ALL WINNERS SQUAD STANDS GUARD OVER IT!
THE END

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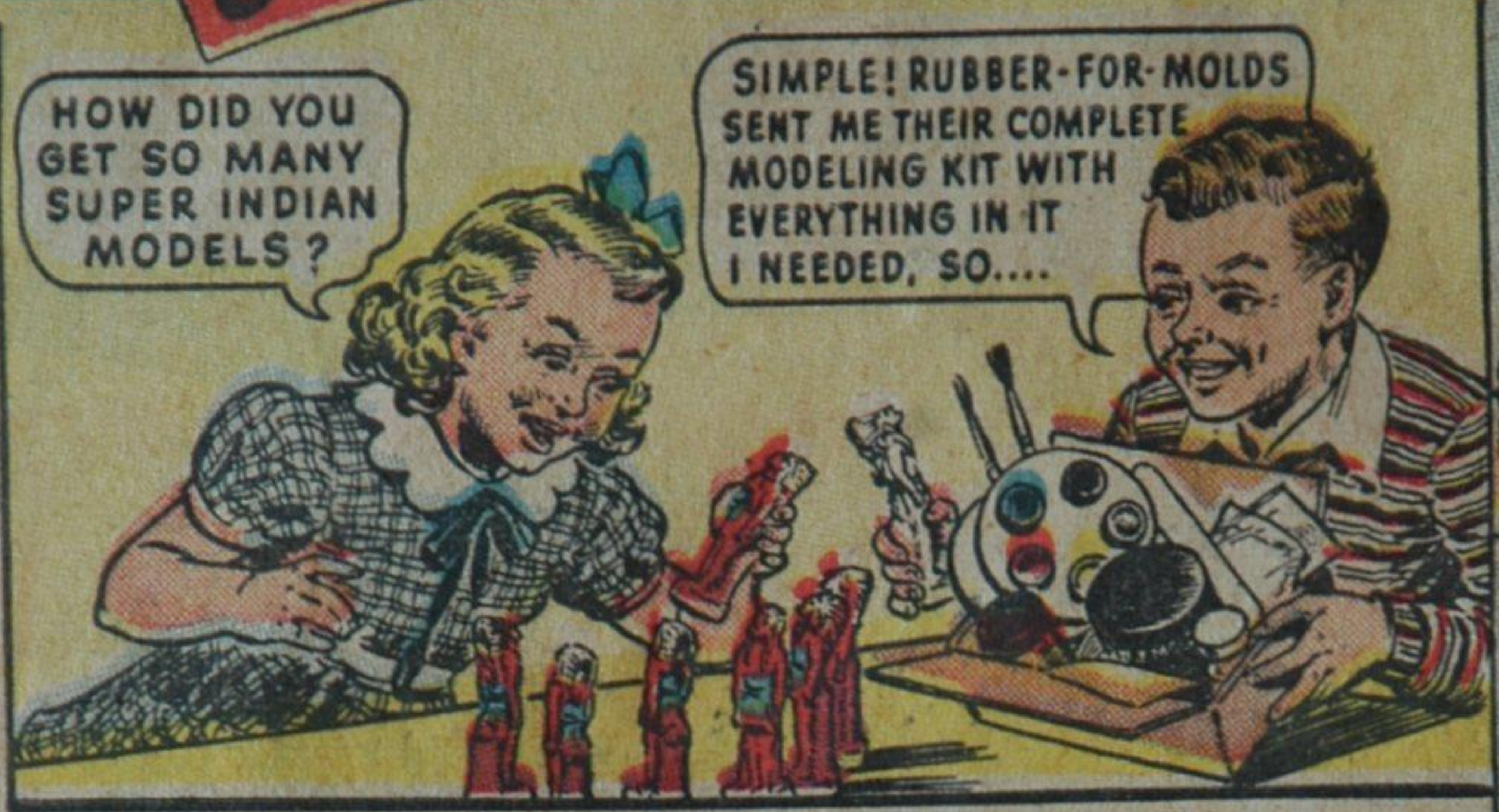
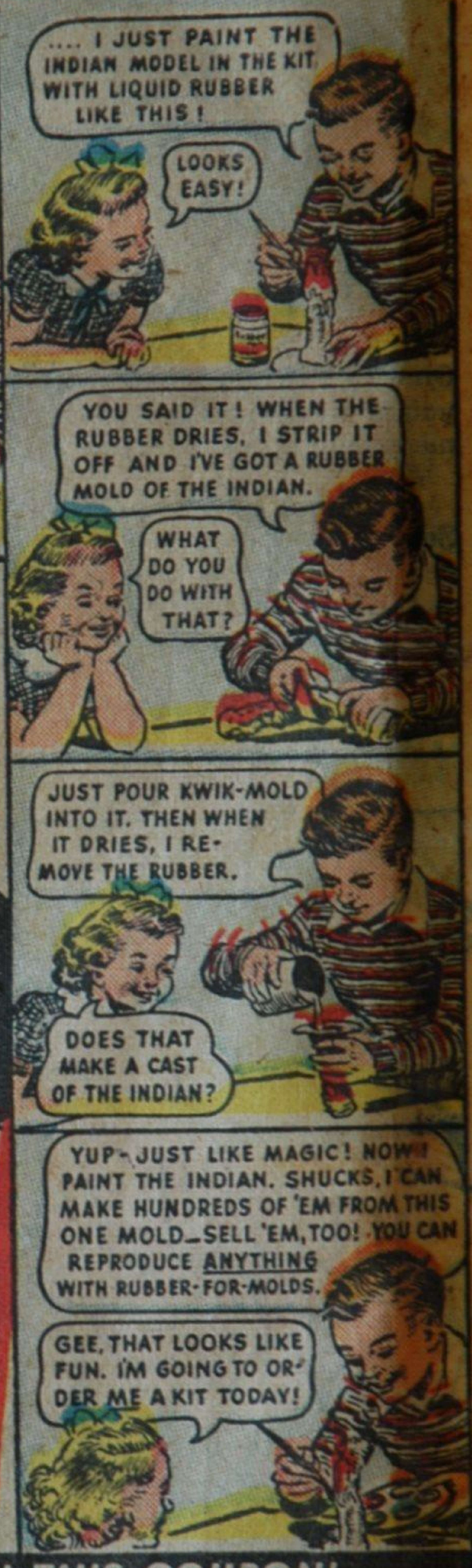

HOW DID YOU GET SO MANY SUPER INDIAN MODELS?
SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE MODELING KIT WITH EVERYTHING IN IT I NEEDED, SO....


.... I JUST PAINT THE INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT WITH LIQUID RUBBER LIKE THIS!
LOOKS EASY!
YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER MOLD OF THE INDIAN.
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT?
JUST POUR KWIK-MOLD INTO IT. THEN WHEN IT DRIES, I REMOVE THE RUBBER.
DOES THAT MAKE A CAST OF THE INDIAN?
YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN REPRODUCE ANYTHING WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.
GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE FUN. I'M GOING TO ORDER ME A KIT TODAY!

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